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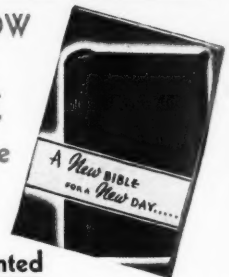
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## PLANNING TO BUILD?

Consult A Church Architect Now!

By Spencer Duryea

IS YOUR CHURCH planning to build, or "remodel," after the war? Thousands of churches are. Thousands of churches have more money in their Building Funds now than they ever had. We know of one community in which the farmers have just been paid \$23,000,000 for their crops. We know of several other communities in which mechanics and workingmen who are also churchmen have been making \$25.00 a week for years; now they are making \$75.00 to \$125.00. Yes, there is plenty of money. Now is the time to build that Building Fund.

It looks good, but there is danger here that worries us. First Church, for instance, built a new church, and built it in a hurry. They consulted the first architect they could find (not, alas, a church architect), had their plans drawn overnight, rushed in a steam-shovel to dig the cellar. And they got a building that was just about 100 percent inadequate for their community needs.

A lot of churches may do the same thing the minute the war is over. There is only one way to avoid it. *Start planning now.* Get in at least two years of constructive work on that new building, or on your remodeling, before you call for the steam-shovel.

There are four steps that should be taken *now* by intelligent Building Committees.

Step No. 1: Make a survey of your needs. This means a house-to-house religious census of your community or parish, studying community needs, trends of population, religious, recreational and social needs of the people around your church. Take a year for this; you will skimp the job if you try to do it in less.

Step No. 2: Assemble and use every possible source of counsel and advice that you can find, from people and agencies who know what they are talking about. Get in touch with the denominational leadership departments of your own denomination, with the leadership departments of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, with the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture.

Step No. 3: Assemble a church program, indicating the activities, groups and classes to be accommodated, and the numbers in each. Have sub-committees appointed to study such matters as worship in the Protestant Church, the use of religious art, trends and changes in the work of religious education in the local church.

Step No. 4: Get in touch with a good church architect, and have him start his work immediately. Much of his work—his original sketches, and drawings, revised sketches and plans—can be completed before you call for the steam-shovel. These church architects are not too busy now, but they will be overwhelmed with work the day war ends!

CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to put you in touch with that architect, and with reliable consulting agencies, to help you select your architectural service. Write us about it—today!

# The First Freedom



## Preserve it—by investing your church refurnishing funds in U. S. WAR BONDS

WITH church income at an all-time high, what more fitting task can a churchman's dollar do than lend its aid in the battle for Freedom of Worship?

Here is a clear call which may most fittingly be answered by investing church refurnishing funds in the finest of all securities—our country's War Bonds.

When the Day of Peace arrives, your money will serve to put men to work at once, building your new pews, furniture and woodwork. They will seem doubly precious then! For what

worshiper, knowing how this most righteous of Causes had been served by his Church, could fail to draw extra reverence from that recollection?

It is imperative at present that the skilled craftsmanship, the fine hardwoods, hardware and finishing supplies required for church equipment, be devoted to our country's war needs. American Seating Company's workmanship, meanwhile, is evident in many war products, on battle fronts throughout the world.



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# *Withhold No Thanks*

Withhold no thanks the heart and tongue should utter  
This day of gathered grain and fallen leaf,  
Though earth be stricken and the way of sorrow  
Be dark beyond belief.

Still is the open hand of God above us,  
Still is His love a thing beyond compare,  
Still there is simple food and clean clear water,  
And still—the bright clean air.

And the spirit's gold, forged long within the fire,  
Shines forth, a tested metal from the ore;  
The silver flame that is our faith burns higher  
And stronger than before.

And we have learned to trust—a valiant trusting,  
Through the dark and danger of a bitter war.  
Withhold no thanks—there are so many  
Things to be thankful for!

*By Grace Noll Crowell*

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# CHRISTIAN Herald

NOVEMBER, 1943

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING  
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

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**OUR PLATFORM** Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like world.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

### Question:

*In Colorado there is an Old Age Pension of \$45 per month. Eighty-five percent of the amount comes from the sale of liquor. Do you think anyone eligible for the pension, who is a Christian, should accept the money?*

### Answer:

The question lies in the field of individual conscience and personal decision. In the words of the Mother of Jesus, "Whatsoever He saith to thee, do it." I would feel that the money should be accepted and put to a good use.

### Question:

*What would you advise a young girl of eighteen to do when her parents disapprove of her friends, especially her boy friends? My father refuses to permit me "to date" a young man because he disapproves of this young man's relatives. I have heard that this young man drinks, but he has never done so in my presence. I believe that I am a good influence for him.*

### Answer:

I would reflect a long time before running counter to the wishes of my parents, particularly where the young man involved is a drinker. Love is not always blind, but when one is in love the advice of those who love us disinterestedly is particularly vital. I wish that I could talk with you personally and talk also with your parents. I shall pray that you may be led aright. Certainly I could not advise you as to final action without knowing what your parents have to say.

### Question:

*What do you think of women chaplains in the Army and Navy? I mean for women now being inducted into the Services?*

### Answer:

Perhaps it will be desirable to have women assistants to chaplains where considerable numbers of women are with the

armed forces. This matter is receiving the attention of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains. Thus far, the women themselves prefer to be included with the men under the ministry of the regular army and navy chaplains.

### Question:

*One of our State Senators introduced a bill in the legislature for both the deporting of Japanese aliens and the cancelling of citizenship for American-born Japanese. It was charged that many Japanese lived in Oregon before the war; that experience proves the Japanese cannot be assimilated with "civilized white Christian Americans"; that the presence of these "rapidly propagating people" will present an economic problem and a threat to national security. Is this bill and are these charges justified?*

### Answer:

I regard the bill as both unChristian and unAmerican. Not one of the charges made is justified. No proof can be given that American-born Japanese cannot be assimilated—there is proof that many have been assimilated. As to the suggested increase in Japanese population, there has been a continuous decline for approximately thirty years. At no time have the Japanese in this country been more than a fraction of one percent of the total population and the birth rate has been lower than that of the population as a whole. These facts and others justify the conclusions herein stated.

### Question:

*What was Russell Conwell's profession? I understand that he was once a lawyer.*

### Answer:

Russell Conwell was once a lawyer, and a great lawyer. He had two successful offices in Boston. He was also a successful newspaper man, and one of the founders of the "Minneapolis Journal." Also, he was a successful soldier and considered a military career after the Civil

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War. Certainly he was a successful, a brilliantly successful, educator and humanitarian. The university he founded (Temple University) has seventeen colleges and enrolls fourteen thousand students. The three hospitals he founded have been united in a great medical center where tens of thousands of people are given bodily relief every year. But pre-eminently, Russell Conwell was a minister of the Son of God. At the age of thirty-six he turned from all other professions to become a preacher. It was as a preacher, and pastor, as a minister of Jesus Christ, that he rendered incomparable service to the world.

#### Question:

*I've heard that attendance of the WAC's and WAVE's and young women of other auxiliary groups, fills chapels and crowds out servicemen. Is this true?*

#### Answer:

No, indeed. The attendance of WAC's and WAVE's and young women of other groups is excellent, but it does not interfere with the attendance of men—rather, as of my knowledge, it increases their attendance! There is room for all.

#### Question:

*In general I agree with your September editorial, "Detroit's Shame: America's Tragedy." But would you have us infer that the North handles this colored problem better than the South?*

#### Answer:

Certainly not! Again and again the South handles the problem better than the North, and gives thoughtful, scientific and Christian leadership to the whole nation. The problem is *one* problem—America's problem—and as we suggested editorially, "it behooves none of us to be inconsiderate of the rest of us."

#### Question:

*Is China the oldest civilized country, and was it destroyed by the flood?*

#### Answer:

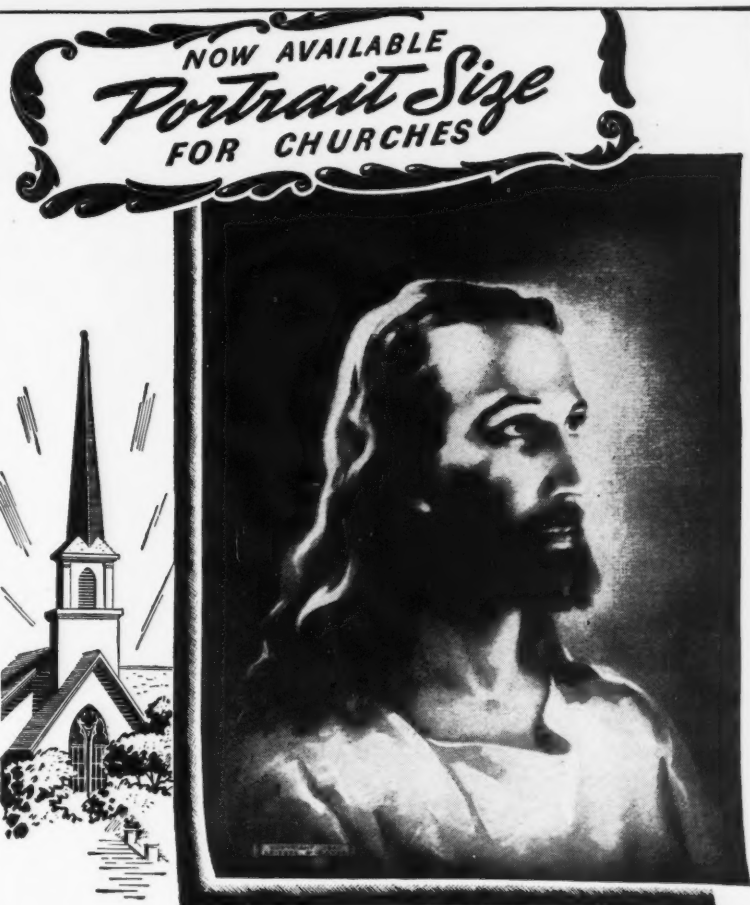
Civilizations are comparative, but without doubt China is first among nations surviving the ages and achieving a place in 20th Century history. If, as in the Bible account, the world was completely destroyed by the flood, then China must have been included.

#### Question:

*Do you think that a person who commits suicide can ever enter heaven?*

#### Answer:

I place no limit upon the power of God and the saving Grace of Jesus Christ. I cannot know what transpires in the mind and soul of one who commits suicide. Generally, I feel that the person who takes this terrible step is mentally irresponsible.



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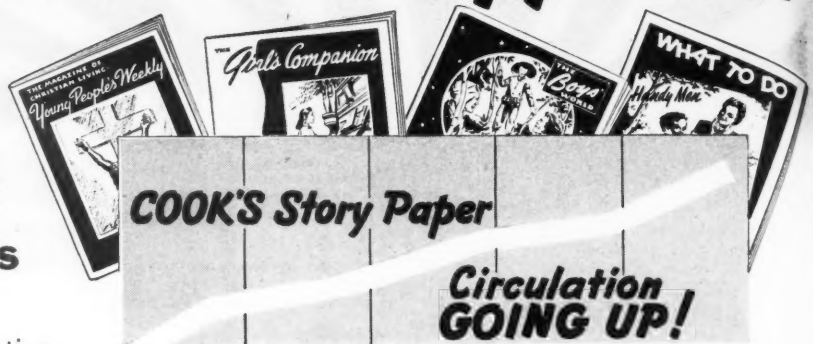
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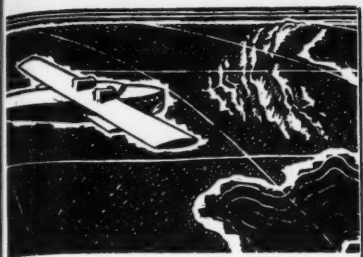
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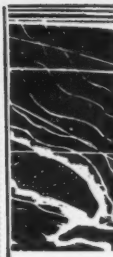
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# NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## AT HOME

**WASTE:** The waste of this war is sickening. Who knows how many lives are lost? Who knows how many cargo-ships, richly laden, lie on the bottoms of the seven seas? Who knows how much material, to say nothing of life, is being destroyed every minute in the fighting on the world-front—material that can *never* be replaced? Inasmuch as the United States is furnishing the lion's share of this material, it might be wise for us to take account of stock.

We are fast getting to the place where we shall no longer be able to get along in this country without the generous help of others; if destruction goes on as it goes now, the United States will become much, much poorer in raw materials than those areas left untouched in Siberia, India, Africa, and the other Americas. Which means that American living standards may drop to European living standards. For instance: we are facing a serious shortage in petroleum. Our known reserves total about 20,000,000,000 barrels, or enough to last twelve to fifteen years at the present rate of consumption, and even *that* oil cannot be brought out of the ground fast enough. Iron ore is being exhausted; when the Lake Superior ore beds are finished, we shall have to rely on poorer low-grade ores. Our high-grade copper will be exhausted within twenty years.

Even in peacetime, the U.S. goes far abroad for more than ninety percent of its antimony, asbestos, chromite, graphite, industrial diamonds, manganese ore, nickel, quartz crystals, and tin. It imports more than half of its bauxite, mica, platinum, tungsten and vanadium; it must look beyond its borders for enough arsenic, lead, mercury and zinc.

Foreseeing the possibility that we may become a "have not" nation, Mr. Ickes, of the Department of the Interior, tells us that a new \$3,900,000 program of exploration by scientific prospectors in thirty-one states and Alaska will get under way soon. May it be soon enough!

record as favoring American participation in "an association of free and sovereign nations, implemented with whatever force may be necessary to maintain world peace and prevent a recurrence of war" after the armistice. The action was taken at Omaha, and one of the most surprising things about it is that it came without any of the wild and bitter argument which preceded the Legion's support of the Roosevelt Administration at the 1941 Milwaukee Convention.

The Legion is keeping up with the times—perhaps it is a step ahead of the times. This is constructive thinking and action. It is hard to see how anyone could oppose such a suggestion, with the world what it is. There are those, to be sure, who still shy away from such a world police-force, crying that "This means the use of force." It does. But with a world-wide organization, that force could be used for peace as it has never been used up to now. It would mean that no aggressor could even get started.

Force is not necessarily evil; it is evil only when used by evil men. It is evil in the hands of a Tojo and a Mussolini; what is needed against them, and their successors (for there will surely be successors) is the force of men who stand for freedom as against enslavement. A world association of free nations could do just that.

Less impressive, to us, is the same Legion Convention's action when it demanded that the United States keep its own military forces so strong and so large that no other nation or combination of nations would ever again dare attack us. There are certain flaws in that. No nation has ever been so armed; it means an enervating armament race that will drain the world white and weak; it may also be a direct denial of the Legion's former plea for a world combination of nations that is calculated to save us from just such an armament race. At least, so it seems to us.

other day in which he told 600 shipyard workers a thing or two. Said the Rear Admiral:

"I have come to the conclusion that labor leaders are smarter than management. This is particularly true in conferences between the two. Labor has more patience than management, more endurance . . . And so it is that labor should feel that its future welfare depends largely upon the contribution it makes to a constructive economic program."

We've been waiting for such a man in such a high place to say that. It is one hundred percent true, all wool and a yard wide. Labor *is* smarter. And labor, now, has the upper hand. The long, long fight of the labor union for recognition and power is approaching its longed-for victory. Labor holds the whip-hand, and there are some of the smartest men in the modern American scene wielding that whip. We do not always like the manner in which they wield it, and we have said so, repeatedly. But that is not to blink the fact that we are conscious of the presence of the new power that has come to the working man in our day.

Rear Admiral Land is a good strategist in putting it publicly, as he does here. He is also wise in maintaining that labor will find the whip turned on itself unless labor is mighty, mighty careful. The abuse of power is a hideous thing—and American labor is coming close to an abuse of it, right now. The pendulum of public opinion has a habit (as all pendulums have) of swinging *back*. Watch it, labor! It's a great chance you have; don't lose it.

**REALISM:** The American people are in for a little realism. National magazines and newspapers will shortly begin to print pictures of American war casualties—pictures that will not make us cheer. Newsreels will be going in the same direction. It is a new Government policy, aimed at American complacency and the too-optimistic idea that the war is already won.

It isn't won. The hardest fighting is ahead of us. Already, the toll of Ameri-



"THEY'RE COMING!"

Low © All Countries

can dead, wounded and missing has reached the 100,000 mark, and we are not yet within the fortress of Europe. When we get in there, we will be reading again the long casualty-lists we learned to dread in World War I.

We've had victories on the foreign front, yes; the trouble is that the home front is sagging. It needs bolstering. Hence the new news policy of the Administration, calling for a new "somber realism." It will hurt, but it should slap us awake.

**FATHERS:** We are not going to predict what is about to happen to the fathers of America; it will probably happen before the printer sets these words in type. Certain as we are that fathers will be drafted in large numbers between October 1 and December 1, we have guessed wrong too often to say here just *which* fathers will be drafted, and how many. But there are some straws in the wind. . .

Wise men around Washington think now that pre-Pearl Harbor fathers will be given a preference over others in granting occupational deferments. They also believe that a reservoir of 197,956 single men and childless married men on the Federal payrolls should be tapped immediately. There is a total of something like 300,000 single men and childless husbands in government employ, and even that does not include all Federal departments. If there is any sensible reason why a good big slice of these should not be drafted, let's have it!

Major opposition to the drafting of fathers was killed by the testimony of

General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, before the Senate Military Affairs Committee. When Bernard Baruch, who heard that testimony, says, "It looks as though General Marshall is going to lead some great offensive now and I think we ought to give him everything he needs for the battle," he speaks for America. The drafting of fathers is not good news to any of us, but we just happen to be fighting a total war, and that includes the dads.

**COURIER'S CUES:** Real fight in drafting-of-fathers debate is not whether they will or will not be drafted, but whether Congress or the military is to run the war . . . Watch for yet another bureau, called Commodity Credit Corp., to finance the food subsidy program . . . Crop insurance for the farmers seems sure, soon . . . Black markets in beef and gasoline are especially prosperous . . . John Lewis will take the spotlight soon again with a new plan to raise the pay of his miners . . . New Dealers are assuming that F.D.R. will be the candidate in '44, and that he will win easily . . . Drive toward the Balkans is a matter of weeks . . . End of Germany will come "in the spring," say those who ought to know.

**AFTERWARDS:** We may be worrying too much about what is going to happen in Europe after the war, and not enough about what may happen right here at home.

What, for instance, are we planning to do about the unemployed? It is good to

see the smokestacks working overtime now, but once the last shot is fired, we will find ourselves with (so one labor leader says) some 35 million out of work. Those making big wages now will be out, and there will be all those soldiers coming home! It's impossible to think that they will stand in line again with their hats in their hands, begging the right to work for a living.

Here in New York, we have thousands of Negroes from the South, who have come north on the hunt for wartime wages. They have good jobs now, but they too may quite likely be out with the armistice. They will never return home. What's going to happen in New York?

These are but two angles; figure the rest out for yourselves. Anyway you figure it, it spells "trouble." We'd better be doing a lot more planning to meet the situation than we're doing now.

**SHORT:** New York staged a short-lived, half-hearted celebration when Italy fell; some bits of torn paper floated down the skyscraper canyons, but there were no hats thrown in the air.

There was no cheering, no hats tossed in Washington when the Fulbright Resolution passed the House last month with a record vote of 360 to 29. Yet the Fulbright statement is more important than the fall of Italy; it is one of the most important things that has ever happened to this nation.

It is the shortest resolution on the House records. It is complete in one sentence, and it reads: "Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring) that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world, and as favoring participation by the United States therein, through its constitutional processes." It is the work and wording of James William Fulbright of Fayetteville, Arkansas—38 years old and serving his first term in Congress. May he serve many terms!

It is enough to make Woodrow Wilson turn in his grave! It is a right-about-face in American policy from the "Kill the League" cries of yesteryear; and it is indicative of the way America is thinking, of how deeply she is thinking, on the problem of the postwar world.

Note carefully the last four words in this resolution, which were added by amendment. They leave a great door open. They make way for possible change of mind in the years to come. It makes the resolution something less than binding, and leaves the Congress free to reverse itself. At least so say the cynics. Let them say it. They cannot laugh down the fact that through the House as its mouthpiece, the people are already on record as favoring cooperation of their

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country with the other countries of the world after the peace. They want teeth in the Four Freedoms.

If the churches of this nation fail to offer thanks to God for this one, there is something wrong in the churches.

**GEORGIA:** Georgia is in for a complete revision of her prison system—and it's about time. We have been looking at those pictures of Georgian chain gangs long enough. Matters were brought to a head in the reports of three legislative committees appointed by Governor Arnall, who is busy cleaning up a mess inherited from Gene Talmadge.

One of the committees reported to the Governor: "In every prison we visited in ten Southern states the buildings were

It's up to us—not to the man in the chain gang!

**STETTINIUS:** We're wrong again. The successor to Sumner Welles has been appointed, and he is neither Breckenridge Long nor Norman Armour, one of whom we thought (October *HERALD*) would surely be appointed. The nod goes to Edward R. Stettinius, formerly Lend-Lease Administrator.

Mr. Stettinius is 42 years old, one of the State Department's first dollar-a-year men in World War II. He made of Lend-Lease one of the very few administrative agencies about which there was no controversy. He is a man with a quick brain and cracking-down tendencies. He gets things done. We wonder what he'll do in

"The enemy is following up our movements only hesitatingly." "The detaching movements of our troops progressed according to plan." "Wherever our troops have given ground, it has always been done methodically."

Back from Tunisia. Back from Salerno, where the Germans once claimed they had treated the Americans to a Gallipoli; back under the relentless driving of a Red Army that was "annihilated" in 1940! Back—but fighting every step of the way back. This enemy is hurt, and therefore as dangerous as a wounded tiger. Naples illustrates what we mean.

Naples is a shambles—a needless shambles; her 835,000 people have experienced a terror in the final days of occupation such as only a diseased mentality could visit upon them. There was no reason for it. There was nothing to be accomplished by it. It was pure vindictiveness. Often, when a rattlesnake is cornered, he will turn upon himself and drive his fangs deep into his own body. The Nazi is like that.

The horror is not so much in the burning of a city; that can be rebuilt. The real horror lies in the hatred which will be stored in the Italian heart against the German. That will last for years, and so long as there is a Neapolitan left, he will think of vengeance.

That's what the Nazi, the German, is doing now: creating a flood-tide of vengeance that will one day overwhelm him. It is not nice to contemplate—for any of us!

**VATICAN:** Will the Germans burn, sack Rome? If they do, it will be a careful burning and sacking. For within the city limits of Rome lies the smallest sovereign state in the world: Vatican City. Within Vatican City waits Pope Pius XII; he is in fact a prisoner of the Nazis, who have surrounded his domain. But we believe the Nazis will think twice, maybe thrice, before entering Vatican City. They will do that because the world-wide influence of this tiniest state is tremendous. It is tremendous in Spain, in France, in Italy. And lest we forget it, Bavaria in Germany itself is almost solidly Catholic; there are some 23,500,000 adherents of Roman Catholicism in Germany, and the repercussions against the Nazi overlords, in case of a destruction of the Pope's headquarters, would be terrific.

It would be a matter of minutes for the Germans to take Vatican City; the few hundred men in the picturesque Palatine Guard, Swiss Guard and Nobles Guard, with their Michelangelo costumes and Middle Ages halberds and weapons, would not last long against a single machine-gun. But the furore roused beyond the confines of Vatican City would be furore indeed.

Still, you never quite know what a German soldier will do. He is a slow, plodding thinker; he may make another



Rev. Dr. William Barrow Pugh, foreground, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and chairman of the General Protestant Commission of U. S. Army and Navy Chaplains, and Col. George F. Rixey, Deputy Chief of U. S. Army Chaplains, alight from a bomber during a tour of Army bases. Dr. Pugh fills the Commission vacancy created by the death of Bishop A. W. Leonard.

cleaner, the morale of prisoners better than that of those in Georgia." The report recommends that all corporal punishment and the use of chains and leg-irons be prohibited, and that no prisoner be required to wear stripes except as punishment for infraction of prison rules.

That's a good start; what Georgia needs, and what all the other states in the Union need, in their penology, is a decent, constructive frame of mind toward the criminal. Stripes and leg-irons may bring some satisfaction to the sadistically minded, but they build in the criminal a surly anti-social mind and heart that means only more crime. What do we want to do with a man in prison, anyway? Beat him, and make him a more brutal criminal than ever, or make him fit to come back to society and take his place as a useful citizen? Do we want to make him over into a snarling beast, or a decent man?

Mr. Welles' chair. Will he get along? Will he fit into the pattern, and will he be dropped if he doesn't?

Wrong as we were, we're glad here that we were wrong. There is no more able man in Washington than the ex-chairman of U. S. Steel.

## ABROAD

**END?** We are not too optimistic, yet we cannot fail to see the beginning of the end, plain as the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's Feast. Falling back, back, back in Italy; losing Smolensk and Kiev in Russia and hurled back to the Polish border itself, Hitler's propagandemen are having a tough time of it breaking the news of defeat after defeat to the war-weary Germans. Here are a few samples of their futile explanations:

of his dimwitted errors here, and lose the last of his friends. Really, the fate of the Vatican City and of Rome seems to be more in the hands of the allied generals than in Nazi hands. If the Allies bypass Rome, much will be saved. If they storm it, it will all be charged off to "fortunes of war." It will be something quite different if the Nazis break into the Pope's palace.

**UNREST:** There is unrest on the British labor front. Only yesterday, a workman asked the British Ministry of Labor and National Service to let him report for work at 8 a.m. instead of 7. That's indicative.

Under the bombings, the British worker squared his shoulders and did his job. He worked like a fiend, asked no favors, gave everything he had to whipping "Jerry." He's always like that; crises spur him. But like a lot of Americans, the Britisher is thinking that the war is about won. Since the fall of Italy, his murmurings have become louder, and while Britain has not seen one single national strike since the war began (they have no John L. Lewis over there!) it becomes more and more probable that there *may* be strikes before the final battle is won.

The reason for this is an ancient British fear: the fear of unemployment. They have been on the dole, and they loathe it. Right now, they have a newer fear: that their government may not be able to give them full and uninterrupted employment with war's end. Driven by this, they are asking that the government make clear to them just what they may expect; they want to know whether or not they are to get the rewards promised them under the blitz.

They are saying that they believe in the Four Freedoms; that's what they have been fighting for. But what they want to be sure about is a guarantee of what James B. Reston, writing in the *New York Times*, has called "the four decencies." These decencies are quite local; they are a decent house, a decent job, decent food and clothing, and a decent education for their children.

So—don't be surprised if there is a strike or two, soon, in Britain. Britons are human, like all the rest of us.

**MOPPING UP:** MacArthur is at Finschhafen. Lae has fallen. The last Jap has been driven out or killed in the Salamaua-Lae area; of the 20,000 who were expected to make a bitter last-ditch stand, 1,000 are known to be dead and the rest have fled for their lives. Token resistance is being met by the Americans in a hundred places. The vaunted suicidal hysteria of the Japanese defenders becomes a bubble pricked by MacArthur's bayonets.

Says Brigadier General Caleb V. ("Old Grizzly") Haynes: "We have covered the face of India with airfields." He also says that Burma is no longer a fortress,



© WIDE WORLD

Mold, enlarged many times, from which the new miracle drug penicillin is derived. The mold is similar to that which appears on stale bread.

that Japanese installations in that country have been "pulverized." A British-American army is poised for a jab at the Burma Road.

In Ceylon, a man named Mountbatten plots a new campaign; it is said that he is determined to put Singapore back under the Union Jack, to drive back up the whole length of the Malay Peninsula.

In Tokyo, the war lords have changed their tune on the propaganda front. Yesterday it was "All Out To Crush America"; now it is "All Out For Defense."

Poor Japan!

## CHURCH NEWS

**YOUTH:** The National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship is a most lively and important Conference; it is a forward-looking group slightly tinged with pink. Editorially, we're for a lot of their ideas. But we're a bit bewildered by the recent appeal from the Conference to the U.S. Government, asking those in power to "bring the war to a close at the earliest possible moment, that an honorable peace can be made."

Just what do they mean by that? That we stop fighting? That there be a "negotiated" peace? One would think so, in view of some of their other resolutions opposing total manpower conscription, national military training, etc. We can't help wondering whether the Conference feels it has said something original, or suggested a new way to end the world's strife that the rest of us have overlooked.

Bring the war to a close at the earliest possible moment? Who doesn't want that? But *how* is that going to be accomplished? It seems plain as day to us that there is only one way to do it: fight through to a complete victory over the Axis. It's a long and bloody and deplorable way, but with things as they are it

is the only way. Negotiation now means a breathing-space for the Junker, while he gets set for World War III. Stop fighting? Take a good look at Naples, youth!

A little clarifying seems to be in order.

**ITINERANTS:** The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia has authorized its Committee on the Minister and His Work to devise a plan whereby the Synod would be authorized to make annual changes in pastorates, similar to the system used by the Methodist Church.

This is news. While we doubt that any considerable section of American Presbyterians will take it seriously or go and do likewise, it is still indicative of a restlessness of Presbyterians with their present system. That system always looked pretty good to us. It had its vices as well as its virtues, yes; some Presbyterian preachers stay too long in churches where they are ill-fitted; they are round pegs in square holes, and the congregations are hard put to it to get rid of the misfit and install a good fit.

That particular problem may be eased by an adaptation of the Methodist system, but if that Methodist itinerant system is adopted, the Presbyterians will find new and possibly worse problems on their hands. The trouble with the Methodist idea is that their men are moved too quickly and too easily; a congregation just about gets used to a minister when the Bishop says "Move!" And he moves. Long pastorates are becoming more frequent in Methodism, but the evil of a possible move every twelve months is still their Damoclean sword.

Would the Presbyterians take to it? We doubt it.

**TOUR:** That our readers may know, we report that Dr. Poling has left for an extended tour overseas. He will visit Egypt, India, China, and Australia before returning to America sometime during the Christmas holidays.

He carries credentials from the Federal Council, World's Christian Endeavour, *CHRISTIAN HERALD* (which he represents as correspondent) and the Christian Council on War and Peace. In his pocket he carries a letter from President Roosevelt, reading thus:

"The statement of the Christian Conference on War and Peace is at once Christian and realistic: 'Win the war and win the chance to build a better world' . . . On your present mission to China, India and Australia, you will have an unequalled opportunity to make clear to religious leaders of all faiths this fundamental truth which is, I believe, the conviction of the overwhelming majority of your fellow Americans."

We'll keep you posted as he travels.

**OUT:** Into a church service in Oslo walked Sigmund Feyling, Under-Secretary of the Quisling Department of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* NOV. 1943 • PAGE 10

Church and Education. Up got the preacher to read the Scripture. Read the preacher:

"The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat."

Feyling's face turned slightly red.

"Call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. . . But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Feyling was rising from his seat.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

The Quisling official stamped out of the church. What do you suppose he was mad about?

**HYMNS:** Chaplain Charles E. Brown, now with the Fifth American Army, says that neither desert heat nor Arctic cold can dampen the enthusiasm of the American soldier when it comes to the singing of the good old hymns. He also says that the hymns they sang in the old church back home are the most popular at the front; the most asked-for ones are "The Old Rugged Cross," "Faith of Our Fathers," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Blessed Assurance" and "Safely Through Another Week."

Then there is that new Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, containing some 741 hymns written across the last 1000 years. Some old ones have been left out of this new book: out go Tennyson's "Crossing of the Bar," Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Golden Harps Are Sounding" (being written by Arthur Sullivan of Gilbert and Sullivan, this last one seemed to be "on the jaunty side"). Somehow, we wish the Episcopalians had left them in! They wouldn't take up much room, and there are those who still love them.

## TEMPERANCE

**CONSISTENCY:** A brilliant lady, and a mother, has recently been set up in business in New York City as official "answerer" for the liquor traffic. She will go after misstatements made by the dregs in re liquor. A good job. She can't do any harm.

The lady's inaugural statement interests us. She holds that liquor sales to minors should be guarded carefully. Good! But then she also says that the children in her own home have seen cocktail-makings in the family cupboard, and think nothing of it. It also seems that one child has already tasted a cocktail!

Question: Just what good will it do to deny children the right to buy liquor across the counter of a store or across a bar, when they get it from their own parents at home?

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**PROHIBITION:** When whiskey making was stopped on June 30, 1942, in the interests of winning the war, we saw a cartoon pointing out the good sense of this sort of prohibition as against the old 18th Amendment variety. This, said the cartoonist, was the way to do it. This the people would accept. Weren't the people still patriotic, and all-out to win the war even if they had to give up their whiskey? Aye, this would work.

It hasn't worked! The nation faces a return of the bootlegger. The liquor men themselves are saying so, and wondering what to do about it. Losses of liquor to hijackers in Chicago from January to May inclusive amounted to \$116,000.

Insurance rates on liquor have gone up; whiskey trucks are being equipped with special alarms and safety devices. The black market of booze is running in high!

Let's get this straight: there will *always* be some people in this country ready to break any law to get a drink. They've been nursed on the liquor men's product, encouraged to drink his stuff, and they have no intention of weaning themselves away from it now. Why should the booze men expect them to do that? And why blame it all on "prohibition?"

We wonder whether there will be a hue and cry raised *now*, against the Government, to repeal *this* prohibition?



## Now's the time to show how much you love him!

**S**OMEHOW, on Bill's last leave, you sensed it meant goodbye. And suddenly—in that fearful moment—you knew how much you really loved him!

Loved him? Nobody ever loved anyone more than you love Bill!

And here's how you can prove your love—and show how deep it goes!

Spend less. Give up everything you don't really need. Save a quarter here. Deny yourself a dollar's worth there. And put all of your savings into War Bonds!

War Bonds will help win the peace that will make victory stick. They are a down payment on your future happiness with Bill.

You don't have to be a banker to see what a safe investment they are. They're secured by fertile fields and ore-rich ranges, teeming rivers and bustling mills—all the wealth that spells U.S.A. Buy more War Bonds today!

### Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1. They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
2. They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . accumulate interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
3. If you need the money, you may redeem them any time after 60 days.
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### SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U.S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

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# CHRISTIAN

# Herald



NOVEMBER 1943

## THANKSGIVING, 1943

IN A poignant European picture of twenty years ago, a young husband and wife are shown in a beautiful sunset of a bitter day. They have lost everything but love—home and living, all. But the picture is captioned, "Isn't life wonderful?" Clashed in each others' arms and facing the future resolutely, theirs was a brave Thanksgiving.

In this year of grace, 1943, what have we to be thankful for? That question comes to all alike and, in a world that rocks and bleeds, few have escaped the tragedy of sorrow, the shock of personal loss, or in some degree the disillusionment of frustration and defeat. It is not likely that the false note of gratitude for temporal gains will be sounded in such a time as this or that men will thank God that they are not as other men, even those of bomb-swept Europe, or those others in famine-ravished Asia. If life is still wonderful to us, it will be so in spite of "all things" and because of spiritual values that transcend time and space.

Thank God today for America; yes, and that America marches with the free men of all the earth to suffer with them that freedom shall not perish but, strengthened and enriched, that it shall be released to all.

Thank God for our memories and our dreams; memories of those who paid the last full measure of devotion, memories of what they were, dreams of what they have become.

Thank God for a new realism in human relations today, national and international—for a spiritual unity that makes us ashamed of the poisoned thought with which we have sometimes regarded those of alien faith or color as "lesser breeds without the law." Now we know that the supreme values of life are ours to possess, to defend, and to share—not because we are of a preferred humanity or in the fraternity of any superior race, but in the brotherhood of man that roots back into the Fatherhood of God. Surely these are idle words no longer, for as in another time One died that truth should live, so now upon a hundred seas, a thousand fields, and in the air, the nation's sons are offered that man may have the chance to win the peace of Christ and build the better world. Thank God for that! Nor let "the breaking pain, the solemn pride dispel."

Thank God for Jesus Christ, in whom believing

we have the promise that that which is now alive in us is destined to live forever. Thank God for Jesus Christ, the world's sufficient and only sufficient Savior who is the Redeemer of life because He is the Redeemer of lives. Until He came, there was no answer for life's riddle and no healing for man's sin. The riddle remains, the sin takes on yet greater proportions, and darkness deepens, but Jesus is the answer and the Savior. Because He lives we shall live also.

Thank God for the Christian Church, "towering o'er the wrecks of time" and rising to meet unparalleled new occasions in our own time. The Church is Christ's body and without His body—reverently let us write—He would be helpless to save. But that is never the alternative. We as Churchmen have failed, failed in devotion, failed in deed, failed with our sectarian bickerings and our prideful boastings of what "we" have done. But even our failures, however they may have delayed His divine purpose, have not defeated His plan—nor can they! Now it is for us to somewhat match His passion with the pattern, the zeal, the comprehensive character and the world-wide practice of our Christian faith. Nor can we do this unless we are prepared not only to punish but to forgive, and to ask no good for ourselves that we would not share with foe and friend alike. Nor shall we who are of Christ's body in this year of grace 1943 bring Christ to the peace table and Christ's peace to the world unless we carry our total ministry out into the world. It will not be enough to first "open the doors of the Church," however wide. Not until we have gone out through these open doors into life and all of life, will Christ and the Church have their full chance to redeem man.

A young private in the 34th Division of the American Army, Joseph Engelhardt, Jr., wrote this to his pastor after the Tunisian campaign: "On that dark-est Sunday, when we could not go to religious services, and just before the enemy broke through, our chaplain carried Testaments into the foxholes with special passages of the Scriptures marked for our reading. With them came the message, 'Read the verses and pass them on to the next foxhole.' Those words brought us comfort and reassurance. They made us able to do our duty. That day when we could not go to church, *the church came out to us.*"

Thank God for the church that came out to them. And on this Thanksgiving Day 1943, thank God for the Church of Jesus Christ and that it through us may go out to all the world, into every circumstance of human need and to the last man.

Thank God for *that!*



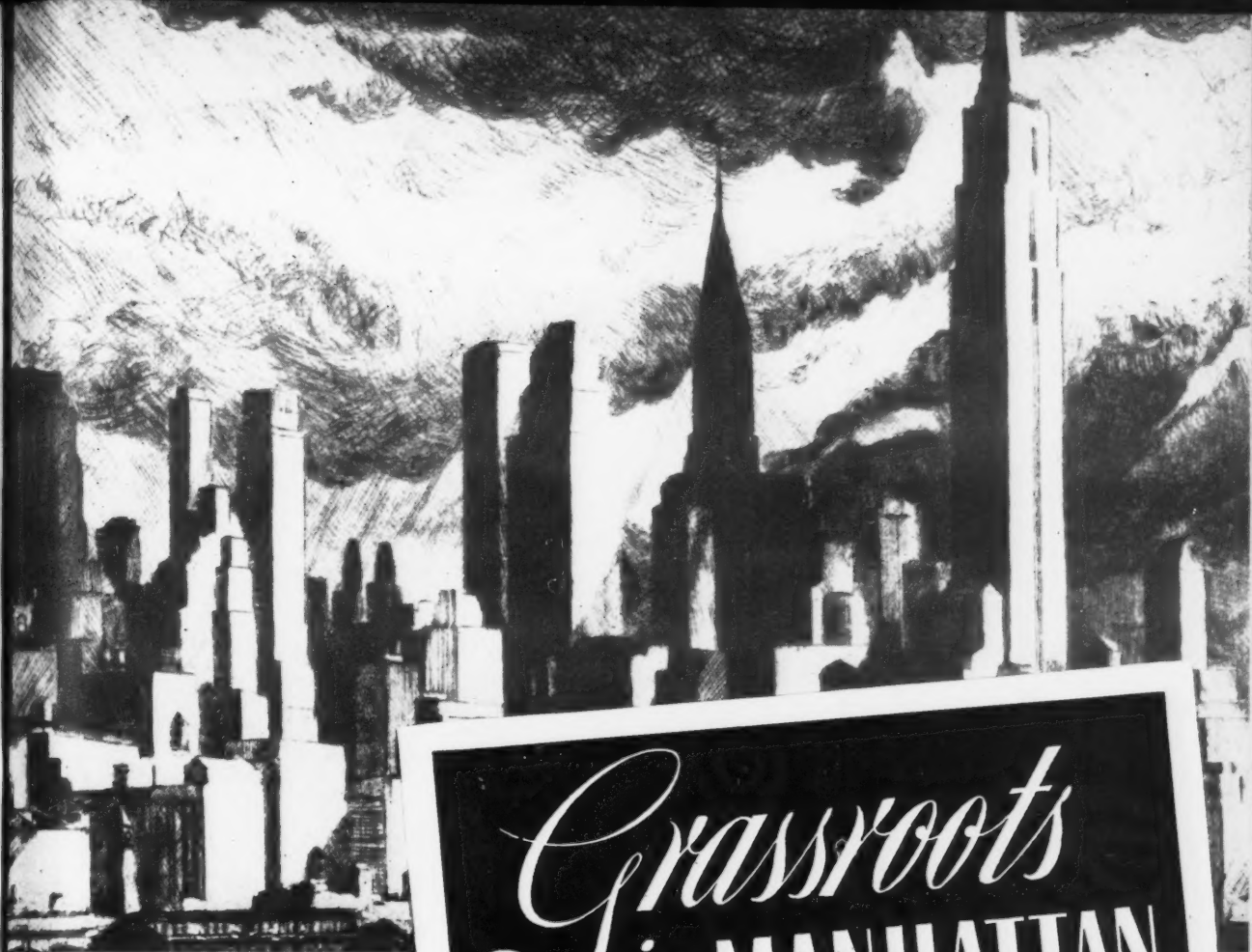
Daniel A. Poling  
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FROM AN ETCHING BY  
WM. C. McNULTY

By

FRANK S. MEAD

# Grassroots in MANHATTAN

DOWN-TO-EARTH GOSPEL AND MODERN  
SCIENCE CLASP HANDS AND CHANGE LIVES ON NEW  
YORK'S RICH, FASHIONABLE, MAMMONISH FIFTH AVENUE

**W**HEN you walk Fifth Avenue in Manhattan you're walking Sleek Street, U.S.A. It is sleek, smooth, glittering and glamorous from Washington Arch to One Hundred and Tenth Street. Here the richest men in the world have built their homes: the Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers. Here you find the Easter Parade of the Four Hundred, with churches for backdrops. The churches are sleek, too: there is St. Thomas's, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and others, magnificent triumphs of church architecture built by folks with whom money was no object. On Fifth Avenue is the tallest building man has ever thrown toward the clouds: The Empire State.

When the sun is right, Empire State throws its long shadow right across an old, old steeple on top of which you see a golden cock. The cock went up there when there was grass along unpaved Fifth Avenue, in 1854; it is the cock from the story of Peter's betrayal, the cock that crowed thrice; it has looked down in

golden silence on the pomp, pageantry and pelf of eighty years along Sleek Street, telling all those generations of busy fashionables that it is so easy to betray Jesus Christ and follow Mammon, so easy to forget God for goods and glitter. So easy . . . !

The steeple is atop Marble Collegiate Church; Marble's outdoor bulletin board, placed where those who rush may read, says that Norman Vincent Peale is pastor here and that this is a church "Where Old-Fashioned Friendliness Prevails." Dr. Peale borrowed that slogan from a lowly menu at the old Berkeley Hotel, downtown. Once in a while they change the slogan, just for freshness' sake, putting up one that Dr. Peale borrowed from a hotel in Columbus, Ohio: "Where You Are A Stranger But Once."

They practice within what they preach without.

Once inside, the strangers stay; they come back. The slogans work; they have brought into the work of this church literally hundreds of curious passers-by. And no wonder they stay. Friendliness is as much a part of the place as the old pews with the little doors. I got there last Sunday morning fifteen minutes early and still had to sit in the balcony; this is one of the best-filled churches in New York. I watched a soldier come in; he looked like a lost boy from Iowa; he was shy, embarrassed, with that out-of-place look that visitors have in the big churches along Sleek Street. But he hardly had his foot in the door when an usher came over to him, smiled, shook hands as though he meant it, said,



PAUL PARKER

When the sun is right, the Empire State Building throws its long shadow across the old Marble Collegiate Church on New York's Fifth Avenue.



PAUL PARKER

"Where old-fashioned friendliness prevails": the interior of the Marble Collegiate Church decorated for Christmas services. Right: Weathervane and golden cock atop the steeple; placed there in 1854 when the church was built. It is the cock from the story of Peter's betrayal, the cock that crowed thrice.

"We're glad you're here. Won't you make this your church home while you're in New York?" The soldier bowed his head to pray, and I know what he thanked God for: it was for an usher like that, a church like that.

You don't always get that kind of a reception in big city churches. Some of them are cold. So cold, Billy Sunday

used to say, that icicles hang from the chandeliers and the ushers skate up and down the aisles taking up the collection. That couldn't happen here. We watched ushers in the aisles downstairs shaking hands with *everybody* before they opened the little doors on the pews. You don't forget things like that. You're a stranger only once. You come back.



There is nothing particularly magnificent about the architecture of this sanctuary; it's Byzantine—good, but not exceptional. About the only magnificent thing in the building is its atmosphere. They may have air conditioning here; I wouldn't know. I do know that there is a warmth and a worship and a mysterious sense of prayer, a sense of expectancy, of something big about to happen, over everything and everybody—inspired by those in charge.



NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

There was the opening sentence of the Invocation: "O Lord God, be Thou present in this Temple." It wasn't the words but the way the words were spoken that made it so quiet then that you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. There was the little informal, unritualistic introduction of the preacher as he rose to read the Scripture. He read it not from the huge pulpit Bible but from a little worn New Testament in his hand. He said, "Four years ago this day my mother died. After she was gone, we found this Testament under her pillow, open to the 91st Psalm. Let me read that Psalm." It wasn't done with a sob-sister voice. It wasn't sentimental or emotional or maudlin. It was reverent. And it went right into the heart of everyone in that congregation of 1300.

No vocal acrobatics in the reading of the Psalm; it was read the way your preacher back home reads it, or as your father used to read it at family prayers—read as it should be read. "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust . . . (Trust, on Sleek Street) . . . Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by day . . . nor for the pestilence . . . nor the destruction . . . For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee . . ." Just before the prayer there was a minute of silent prayer; a full, complete minute, and it was to me the most effective minute of prayer I have ever known beneath the roof of any church. Dead, utter, complete silence. There was the faint swish

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## Justice FOR A NOBLE ALLY

THE Man in the Street is asking, "What's all this about Chinese Exclusion? What's involved, for us? Why doesn't someone tell us, in plain words?" Dr. Garside, who is vice-president of United China Relief, tells us what's involved, plainly, for us—and for the peace of the whole world.

By B. A. GARSIDE

OUT in the pioneer country where I grew up we knew a backwoodsman named Zeke. One spring evening, as he was eating his supper, a hungry bear forced its way into his cabin. Zeke's wife became frenzied with terror, but he promptly grappled with the intruder and eventually killed it. When admiring neighbors praised this prodigious feat, Zeke grinned sheepishly. "Oh, the byar weren't much trouble," he said, "but I

shore wuz bunged up by that chunk of stove wood my wife kep' beatin' me with while I wuz rasslin' with the byar!"

The efforts of the American people to correct a useless and out-dated source of injury and affront to our Chinese friends and allies have sometimes become as confused as that backwoods struggle with the bear. In considering the proposals to modify existing American prohibitions against Chinese immigration and naturalization, we must first clearly

In the heart of New York's Chinatown, a Chinese-American air-raid warden peers skyward for "enemy" planes as the air-raid alert sounds.



understand the present situation, the modifications proposed, and the effects—both direct and indirect—which such modifications would produce. Only then can we decide intelligently whether we favor or oppose such proposed changes.

There was a time when widespread and unrestricted importation of Chinese laborers and other immigrants to America—particularly to the Pacific coast—constituted a serious economic and social problem. Thousands of laborers were brought in for railroad construction and other major engineering projects, and when these were completed the laborers were left to shift for themselves. Steam-

ship companies gathered large numbers of Chinese immigrants from lower economic levels, with glowing tales of this golden land of opportunity, brought them across in brutally overcrowded vessels and landed them in ports without adequate facilities to care for them.

These two types of exploitation created grave difficulties wherever the newcomers congregated. Labor markets were glutted, wages were forced down, and communities were unable to absorb masses of Orientals who knew neither our language nor our customs. These difficulties were among the first causes of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 and of later restrictive laws which completely prohibit not only Chinese immigration to the United States but also the naturalization of Chinese nationals resident in this country.

The early Chinese immigrants were themselves victims of the situation, and they suffered greatly in the difficult processes of adjustment. It is remarkable that there were so few violent outbreaks of racial antagonism. The quiet industry, courtesy, and self-restraint of our first Chinese settlers set a high standard and prevented more serious difficulties.

Today Americans are agreed that such situations must never again be permitted. The sudden influx of large masses of immigrants of any nationality, who will work at sub-standard wages, cannot speak English, and are unfamiliar with American ways, would always create too many serious problems both for the immigrants and for the communities where they settle. America's immigration policy today is designed to prevent just such situations.

The present immigration policy is based upon the Immigration Act of 1924. This law places all the peoples of Europe, Africa, and Australia on a quota basis, the quota for each nation being two percent of its population residing in the United States in 1890. Even these few immigrants are selected with the greatest care. But this law bars from the United States most Asiatic nationals, except for certain classes (such as students and merchants) who are allowed to reside here temporarily.

This system allows for the admission of substantial numbers of immigrants from those European countries whence most of our ancestors migrated, but reduces to very small numbers the maximum who can come from any other country. Thus, insofar as this uniform quota applies equally to all countries, it rigidly restricts immigration without offense to any nation.

A vital aspect of this policy—and one not generally understood by the American people—is that this 1924 quota system itself provides completely adequate restriction on immigration from any nation to which it is applied. *If it were applied to the whole of Asia, the total number of additional immigrants from that continent in any one year could not*



Chinese women contributing their blood to the U. S. armed forces. Left to right: Miss Helena Kuo, author and lecturer; Miss Lee Ya-ching, China's foremost woman flyer; Mrs. Mary Chu, a director of United China Relief; and Miss Elizabeth Baker, R.N.



Chinese-Americans are active in all American civic organizations. Here four members, two in native dress, of New York Chinatown's Boy Scout Troop salute the Flag during a ceremony in which the troop received the coveted Troop Charter.

*exceed six hundred.*

Of all Asiatic peoples, the only ones singled out by name for categorical discrimination under our immigration laws are the Chinese. Even Chinese students and others permitted to visit the United States temporarily can enter only at certain ports and must produce, in addition to their Chinese passports, special documents not required of any other nationality.

Closely related to this exclusion of immigrants are the legal prohibitions which bar Chinese nationals from American

citizenship. The only way in which a Chinese national can become an American citizen is through service in our armed forces—and even this privilege is further restricted because each applicant must produce certain documentary proofs of his legal entry into the United States which few Chinese boys in our fighting services are able to secure.

All our Chinese residents must pay taxes, are eligible for military service, and have all the other obligations of citizens. In a country which prides itself



The patriotism of Chinese-Americans cannot be denied. Above, a Chinese-American air-raid warden herds some children into a Chinese school during an alert in New York's Chinatown.

on being the melting pot of all races, they see our courts naturalizing not only the natives of Europe, Latin America, and Africa but also many of Asiatic and Mongolian origin. Chinese children born here automatically become American citizens, but their parents cannot acquire this same privilege. If an American citizen of Chinese ancestry marries a Chinese national, the couple's only way to avoid going through life with this divided citizenship is for the American to become a Chinese citizen.

The people and government of China fully agree with our policy of restricting immigration, and do not want a large number of Chinese to migrate to this country. Yet, despite their courteous restraint in the matter, the Chinese people have deeply resented the way in which we have for more than sixty years, singled them out for discrimination humiliating to any self-respecting people.

There is a steadily growing conviction throughout the United States that this situation must be remedied, in ways

which will accord with our accepted policy of restricted immigration and still remove this injustice and affront to our Chinese friends. To accomplish this, two things are needed:

First, we must repeal the Chinese exclusion laws, and bring Chinese nationals under the quota system. When this is done, the total number of Chinese immigrants who can be admitted to America annually will, according to the U. S. Bureau of Immigration, be not more than 107 individuals, each of whom must meet high standards as to character and financial resources.

Second, we must grant to Chinese nationals now resident here the customary privileges of naturalization. According to 1940 census figures, the total number of adult Chinese in the United States who would thus become available for naturalization would not exceed 20,000.

When we seek the basis for the opposition to these two measures, we find three types of argument advanced:

There are those who unalterably oppose the admission of even a single "for-

eigner" to the United States, or to American citizenship. "We got here first," is their attitude, "and everybody else can stay out."

Then there are those willing to allow limited immigration from Europe, Latin America, and even Africa, but who insist that all Asiatics belong to inferior races and must therefore be rigidly excluded. To them "the heathen Chinese is peculiar"—a crafty individual who spends his time in diabolical scheming à la Fu Manchu.

Then, third, there are those who fear that any change in our present immigration laws might somehow open the floodgates to hordes of immigrants who would create serious social and economic problems. They say, "Of course we would favor a more friendly policy toward our Chinese allies if we could be sure it meant only the admission of a maximum of 107 carefully selected Chinese per year, and the naturalization of a few thousand Chinese nationals now living among us. But isn't this just the first step in letting down barriers all along the line?"

Few readers of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* would seriously support either of the first two positions. But an influential number of intelligent, world-minded American men and women still sincerely fear that any adjustment in our immigration laws might somehow be the proverbial camel's nose in the flap of the tent.

The facts stated previously should remove these fears. The application of the Immigration Law of 1924 to China does not relax our general immigration policy, but reinforces it by giving it wider application. Nor does it establish any precedent that could conceivably open the way for any large influx of immigrants. The only area of our immigration policy to which such precedent could possibly be applied would be to the other peoples of Asia. And, as we have already pointed out, the maximum number who could be admitted from the rest of Asia, after the Chinese have been provided for, would be less than five hundred.

Of these, the largest potential group would be the Japanese, whose quota could not be much more than a hundred. Obviously our policy toward Japanese nationals will have to be dealt with after the war as a part of the complex problems of postwar American-Japanese relationships; it is not an issue now. An act of fairness now in our dealings with a faithful friend and an invaluable ally could never become a precedent that would stampee the American people, after the war, to deal too generously with an enemy. Instead, the argument points in the opposite direction. This is the best time to deal with the matter of Chinese immigration, when it is not tied up—as it always has been before—with the much more complex question of Japanese immigration.

The maximum number of potential immigrants from the other Asiatic countries

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He had drifted for ten days—long enough so far as he was concerned.



# I Learned About Soldiers FROM THEM

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

LONG, long ago, I used to roll on my tongue a line from Kipling; it was a line from a poem of his called "The Ladies," and it went: "And I learned about women from 'er." I've paraphrased that line to use it as a title for this article—to write about soldiers I've met on trains, in hotels and Army camps, on park benches and along a hundred highways. Meeting them and talking to them has turned out to be one great continued story, a fascinating adventure with humanity that is open to anybody who will take the time and trouble to just sit and talk awhile with the boys who are saving mankind from the Nazi whip. Every soldier you meet is an adventure!

There was that cheery little sailor I met on a day coach going from Boston to Cleveland. I seated myself in the car and opened a new war book. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was getting my information at secondhand, when right across the aisle was a chap who had been in the war. I turned to him and said, "You're in the service, Bud?"

He was cautious, wary about getting into a conversation. "Yep," he mumbled, looking out of the window. "Yep. In the service."

"Where are you headed now?"

"Home. California, here I come. For seven days."

"The rest of these boys going home, too?"

"Yep. We were on a destroyer sunk off the coast of Iceland two months ago. Gotta be back in Boston to take out another destroyer, in about ten days."

"So you were torpedoed?"

He really began to talk now. There wasn't anything to hide about the sinking of that destroyer, for "It's all in the papers," he said. "Didn't you read about it? Where you been, Pal? We were hit about noon; most of us were tossed into the water, like a lot of ten-pins. We floated around for ten hours before they picked us up." He said that just as he might talk about going down to the grocery store for a loaf of bread. We'll have to study that nonchalance in the youth who have fought the war; they have walked the line between life and death a thousand times, and they talk about it—nonchalantly.

"And you're going home to California for a furlough. It won't be much of a furlough, will it? How long will you have with your family?"

"One day." Laconically, he said, "One day!"

"Sweetheart in California?"

"Yep. My mother."

Half an hour later I was talking to some of Jim's buddies in the diner. I asked them about the little medal Jim was wearing.

"Jimmie got that in Iceland. He was down in the hold when the torpedo struck. Forty boys were killed by the escaping steam. Jimmie got two of them out—carried them on his back up to the deck, threw them into the water and jumped in after them. I'm one of them. He earned that medal, Mister."

And I learned about soldiers—and young American courage—from Jimmie.

On another trip, coming back to Boston from Buffalo, I ran into a fine looking youngster just invalidated back from the Solomon Islands. It was just before Thanksgiving, last year. He had been dumped headlong into the sea when his

plane was shot down. He didn't drift three weeks with Eddie Rickenbacker, nor was his thirty-four days in "The Raft" with those other chaps. He had drifted for ten days, which he said was long enough, so far as he was concerned. (Nonchalantly!) Now he was ill as a result of his exposure, and he was coming home for Thanksgiving.

"Been in the hospital ten months," he mused. "Ever been in a hospital that long, Sir? Boy, it was the longest ten months I ever put in, anywhere! Will I lap up Albany when I get there. Albany's home."



"Boy, will I surprise them! I'll just say, 'Hey, Mom. How's about some ham and eggs?'"

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"But we get into Albany at three a. m.," I said, "pretty early to get the folks up, isn't it? I suppose you'll wait until morning before you call them?"

"Morning?" He was incredulous. "Morning? I'm not waiting for morning. I've got my own key to the front door. Had it with me, all the time. I'll slip into the house, go to bed, and along about six-thirty, when they begin to get up, boy, will I surprise them! I'll just say, 'Hey, Mom. How's about some ham and eggs?' Can't you just see her? She doesn't know I'm coming."

I tried to find words to answer that one. There weren't any words. So I began talking about Thanksgiving.

"Not much to be thankful for, this year, is there?" I prodded.

"Whaddye mean, not much to be thankful for? If you'd been where I've been, you'd be thankful, all right. Thankful for home, and America, and—and—for just *being* here. Thankful for the chance to walk down Main Street. Thankful for the old Presbyterian Church on the Square. Thankful for the sight of the schoolteacher you didn't like when she held your nose down in the arithmetic book. Thankful for just one look at the smooth old Hudson, flowing along like a big silver ribbon, and thankful for the smell of the harvest in the fields and for the cars rolling along the highway and for the whistle that blows off at noon, on the firehouse.

"Just being an American, with all that American stuff all around you, is enough to make you so downright thankful your heart hurts. You see, when you've been out there with the boys, taking it in battle, you know how good all this is, how much you really love it and want it. You ought to see those boys, Mister. They've got courage (we call it guts), and patience and the willingness to die for—for the Presbyterian Church on the Square, if you get what I mean; the willingness to suffer a lot for—for what I'm going to do tonight and at six-thirty tomorrow morning. You never know what that means 'till you get away from it. When you've done K. P. (Kitchen Police, to you civilians) for a few days you know what it means to your mother to have to peel potatoes and wash dishes. Never again does she touch another potato, so long as I'm around. Nothing to be thankful for? Ah, Mister, think again about that one. Think hard."

And I learned about soldiers from him, and about their new appreciation for the Church and the Square and Mothers and Main Street—and this America.

MRS. STIDGER says she would rather ride on day coaches than in Pullmans, today. She says that because of an adventure she had recently, coming out of Pittsburgh. The trains were packed; so packed and overloaded that her train broke down near Altoona, and they sat there for four hours. She was glum and

unhappy about it, until a soldier in the seat ahead said to her, "Cheer up, Grandmother!" They got to talking.

"Been in Denver eight months," said the boy. "Denver's a mile high, and that's too high for me; the altitude got me. At first, I could hardly breathe. You see, I've spent most of my days in a coal mine, 'way down under, and there I was in Colorado, on top o' the world."

"So you're a coal miner? I lived in a coal town—Ligonier, Pa. But I don't see any coal dust hanging on your eyebrows."

He liked that. "Nope," he said. "Nope. The Army took the dust off my eyebrows, Lady, but they didn't take away my love for my home town. You know where I live? I live in a cheap little coal miner's shanty, only two rooms—but Mother keeps it clean, and she has geraniums and white curtains at the windows, and all that stuff. I can hardly wait to see those geraniums and those white curtains again, and to walk down Shanty Row between those little houses and see the boys again, and talk to them. Will I be glad to get to Scranton? I guess that's what I'm fighting for, isn't it—for the way I feel about getting home?" And Mrs. Stidger learned about the men who are fighting, and what they're fighting for, from him.

I was invited to speak at Chanute Air Field, at Rantoul, Illinois. In the station at Chicago I met a wrinkled old man with a face burned and seamed by the sun; he was a swarthy fellow, with bright brown eyes. He looked like a Mexican peon. His wife was with him; between them they carried a battered old paper suitcase. He was so bewildered that he couldn't find his train; I took him in tow and got him through the right gate and

on the right train—which happened to be mine also. Seated on the train, he opened up. He told me that he was an Apache Indian and a sectionhand on the railroad and he was going out to see his son at Chanute. The boy had never been away from home before.

"My boy good boy. He send me fife, ten, fifteen dollars every month. My boy good boy. In the Army now. He good boy." The mother nodded her approval, and bit her lip and searched in her poor patched dress for her handkerchief.

When we arrived at Rantoul it was hot. Very hot. I missed him for a moment, and found him leaning against the station wall, with his hand over his eyes. I said, to him, "You're tired out. Let me carry your suitcase."

"Me sick," he said.

I took them to the old hotel near the depot. The clerk took one look at them, and waved them off. I spoke a little sharply to that clerk, but it didn't do any good. "We're full up," he said. "No room for them."

When I remarked that the old fellow was sick and had to have a room, he snapped, "That's not my business. Maybe the preacher will look out for him."

So—I called the local Methodist preacher. That preacher ought to get a Congressional Medal; I was pretty proud of him. He took that old Apache and his wife into his own home, dropped his sermon writing and hunted around among forty thousand soldiers at the Field until he found the old man's son. "What do you think," he asked me, later, "that soldier was six feet three, and one of the handsomest boys I've ever seen. College graduate. Spoke perfect English. He's a parachute

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"When he took that old man in his arms, it was the most glorious reunion I've ever seen."

The wife of the famous rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, writes of and for the parson's wife. Yet what she says applies to every wife and mother—and every home—in America



By Mrs Samuel M. Shoemaker

I AM a parson's wife. There are approximately one-quarter of a million more like me in the United States, for most parsons marry. We are not well-known; it is not our role to shine conspicuously. A few of us have helped to make history, like the mother of John Wesley, or Catherine Booth, but most of us do not even make the pages of our parish paper.

Yet a great deal is expected of us. We must dress nicely, but not flashily. We must know how to entertain large groups of people pleasantly and economically. We must help with church organizations without bossing them. If we do a great deal in the parish, we are suspected of wanting to run it. "Mr. Witherspoon is a fine Christian and a good preacher, but it's easy to see who runs *this* church!" If we do little in the parish, we are accused of a lack of interest. "Mr. Dennis is such a fine man; it's a pity Mrs. Dennis isn't more interested in his work!" Above all, we are expected to provide a gracious and dignified background for our husbands, be ready at all times to greet all comers with a smile, and help set the moral and spiritual pace of the community. I wonder how many of the "ladies of the manse" have had their breath completely knocked out by this prospect, and are floundering as helplessly as I did when I first married my parson?

The girl who marries a parson says good-bye to the altar to a life of her own. She has become a public servant—and we all know what the public expects of its servants. The public is right. I am glad that it demands so much of us. It challenges us, and should make us look well into the whole picture before

we leap into matrimony and the manse. So many of us leap before we look. We tend to disregard the possibility, in the warm glow of love, that there is much more involved in marrying a parson than meets the eye. When I married, I had no conception whatever of what it would take to be a good wife, a successful mother, and the first lady of a parish.

I didn't feel that I should be called upon to share my husband at any time of the day or night with other people; I resented the constant intrusions on our family privacy, and the frequent upsetting of my private plans and dreams. To my consternation, love in a cottage turned out to be a fiction. The actuality was more like love in Union Station, and I wasn't sure I liked all the different types of people to be found in Union Station. Marriage exposed a conflict between my ideals and my dreams. My ideal was Jeanne d'Arc, but my dream was the princess in the fairy tale who married and lived happily ever after. I thought of my husband too much as a possession with which to insure my comfort and security, and too little as a partner in a great adventure which would require self-sacrifice from both of us.

If one's dreams are getting in the way of one's ideals, there is only one thing to do about it; sit down and take stock. I began painfully to see that as a woman and a wife, my job was to create life—social life, physical life and spiritual life—and I had to find out how to do it in line with what was required of me as a parson's wife.

Social life begins at home. By degrees, I saw that I was in danger of spoiling our home life by trying to get my own way. As long as I wanted *my* way, I was bound to clash with someone else. If we clash with the members of our families, we destroy rather than create, for we hurt both them and ourselves. That is probably why Christ said to us, "He that seeketh to save his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Doesn't it mean that if we persist in demanding our way, we become destructive, whereas if we seek



to do things His way, we become creative, bending all our energies to giving the best we know how to the other fellow? I had been thinking about my rights. Christ said very little about rights. The words He uses are "give," "love," "lose yourself." They are all creative words. When I started to follow this recipe, far from becoming a doormat, which I had feared, I found that I made my husband happy, that friction stopped at home, and that I was having a fine time myself.

As soon as my attitude toward my husband changed, my attitude toward my home changed. It was no longer "my castle" but "God's house" given me to use for Him. I loved it in a new way, as I had begun to love people in a new way. It became natural to want to introduce my home to my friends and my friends to my home. What fun we have had in the last ten years! The living room has in turn been used as a confessional, a council room, a reception room. Many a couple and many an individual have sat with us in that room and poured out their hearts to us, and after quiet and prayer gone out with new faith and courage. As one wife put it quaintly, "We came like an old broken-down automobile badly in need of repair. We got gas in the tank, air in the tires, oil in the motor . . . the car is in running order again."

Many an important plan for our parish and for our church has been hatched in that room. Memories come crowding. The choir party when we practically raised the roof singing, "The Road to Mandalay;" the Christmas dinner, to which we invited a number of friends from across the seas, and gave them a real American feast, climaxed with a lighted plum pudding; parish parties; the big birthday party for the eighty-year-old mother of one of my friends; the children's parties; the rare and wonderful evenings alone with my husband; the rare and wonderful evenings when a few of us whose lives have been very closely interwoven have felt the flow of understanding and experience which must have been similar to what the disciples felt in the Upper Room.

A serene home can mean so much to people, and sharing it has become fun. It is fun to rest tired people, to feed hungry people, to include lonely people. We have found that this is only possible if there is no selfishness, no niggardliness, no laziness or fussiness in either of us. Chesterton says of the Franciscan friars, "They saw to it that anyone who met one of them by chance should have a spiritual adventure." As I have launched on the adventure of using our home in this way, I

have experienced the joy of those other adventurers for Christ whom Chesterton described.

The keystone of the whole arch, if we are to be spiritually helpful and creative, is rich, deep fellowship with our husbands. This requires disciplined effort on both our parts. It was fine for me to decide to be a good Christian, it was fine to start out with a high vision, but what has sustained and kept us moving forward "when the going became rough?" Only our mutual trust that God would never let us down, and our mutual trust in each other's faith. The greatest thing about Christianity is that it is an overcoming religion and therefore essentially creative. It can always turn a bad situation into a good one, make possible what has seemed impossible, and bring victory out of defeat. That is one of the lessons of the Resurrection. So, when we have been defeated or snowed under by human nature or human difficulties, we have learned to look for the place where our faith has begun to sag. Just as machinery needs constant oiling, our faith needs the constant strengthening and enriching of united prayer.

My husband and I start our day together with quiet and prayer. In that time we worship, we seek direction together on everything that concerns us and our work; we pray for our needs and the needs of others, and we try to act together. "Pray, and hurl your life after your prayers!" My husband is the best illustration I know of that saying, and he has taught me to do it, too. We have learned the secret of teamwork and fellowship and we have learned to complement each other. We have often disagreed, at times our wills have crossed, at other times we have carried in our hearts and minds little unshared resentments and irritations, but all these things have resolved themselves like mist in the morning when we have persevered in daily prayer and quiet together, holding our disagreements and questions before God, until He has given us a united mind. Neither money, nor how to bring up our children, nor health, nor plans have become bones of contention when we have brought them to God in prayer.

If our spiritual fellowship with our husbands is the keystone of the arch, our spiritual fellowship with our families is the arch. Parsons' wives are expected to be model mothers. Our children are alarming reflections of ourselves. If unpleasant symptoms crop up in my child, I need to look to myself for the cause. When I become hectic and strained, Sally becomes nervous and irritable. When (Continued on page 70)



"I believe in organization and organizations. It is only when we put organization before fellowship that things go wrong."



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From the ruins of a large London hospital wrecked during the height of the German bombing of England, a patient is rescued after having been buried in the debris for fifteen hours.

By STEWART  
HERMAN

THE CONCLUDING ARTICLE IN A SERIES OF TWO BY THE FORMER PASTOR OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN. THE FIRST APPEARED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

# Civilian MORALE *British and German*

THE British know that their living conditions, instead of improving, will become even worse because of the heavy drains incident to large-scale invasion campaigns. They have become tougher instead of softer under this process. Of course, the rigors of bombing have left scars all over England. In those days when they could hardly defend themselves, great havoc was wrought in all metropolitan areas and in many small towns and even villages.

I have no doubt that certain German cities are beginning to resemble British cities in bombing damage done. I have not seen the results of an all-out raid on a German city because only two of them

had occurred—at Rostock and Luebeck—before we left Berlin. But there had been fifty smaller raids on the German capital before we left.

Those of us in Berlin had not been willing to credit German reports of the devastation wrought in England. Yes, we saw pictures of London and Coventry and could recognize the seriousness of the great raids, but I was utterly unprepared to find desolation squatting like a vulture on the clean-picked bones of so many civic centers throughout England. Stoically the British went to work clearing the debris, salvaging what could be salvaged, and patching what could be patched—in Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds,

Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Swansea, Newcastle, Hull, Plymouth, Southampton, and other cities. Every last one was hard hit.

The damage to the British war effort varied. In two of the biggest production centers hit by bombs, I was given two entirely different pictures and on the best authority. In one of them the production index never dropped more than five percent whereas the other city was virtually knocked out by approximately the same tonnage of bombs. Two different techniques were used by the Germans: one was "saturation" bombing concentrated in a few scattered nights, the other

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The RAF retaliates in kind. This radiophoto shows flames rising after the collapse of the dome of St. Hedwig's Cathedral in Berlin during the British bombing.

© PRESS ASSN.



Scene in a Berlin shopping district which sustained damages from RAF raids. The swastika flags are flying in honor of Hitler's birthday.

© WIDE WORLD



All that was left of a London building was this Bridge of Sighs after German bombs fell in the shopping district of the British capital.

© WIDE WORLD

was steady bombing over a period of many weeks. Incidentally, it was the latter type which in this case did the most damage.

Civilian casualties were relatively light. In the heaviest bombed districts on the Thames below London, not more than one death per bomb was scored by the Luftwaffe! But the property damage was terrific. The blasts of the block-busters literally mowed down whole streets of houses though their effect was relatively negligible on ferro-concrete structures. Two outstanding examples of battle-scarred survivors in London are the BBC

(British Broadcasting Company) headquarters and the MOI (Ministry of Information) which continues blithely with their work of tormenting Dr. Goebbels.

The spirit in Britain is excellent, although there has been a slight let-down since the cessation of heavy raids. The classic example of British reaction to the blitz is to be found in the cartoon of a Cockney woman busily assembling her household effects after a "near-miss": "Well, there's one thing about the raids. They do take one's mind off the war."

Morale in Germany fell below sea-level at the time of the Munich crisis and never recovered, not even in the

days of Hitler's palmiest victories. As in the case of every other shortage, an *ersatz* has been found for morale too. It is called Gestapo. The dread secret police provide the hoops which hold the Nazi barrel together. An intricate system of espionage descends into every German household through the local *blockleiter* whose business it is to know what papers you subscribe to, what kind of friends you have, how much you give to Nazi funds and collections—in short, whether you are "reliable" or not.

The British don't know what such restraints are. They even write letters to the *Times* questioning the necessity of bombing German cities so heavily. Interestingly enough, there is very little hatred in England. About one in every fifty people I met agreed with Lord Van Sittart that Germany is an incurably hopeless case and should be sternly treat-

ed as such. When I remarked about this in the bombed cities of England the further information was proffered that "... most of the hatred is to be found in areas that have never been bombed at all!"

Maybe when the casualty lists begin to mount there will be a change of heart, but I doubt it. Many ordinary Englishmen have been studiously examining their nation in the light of World War II. Even the haters seem to hate themselves as much as they hate the Germans. I met a rabid anti-German in Sheffield who was in favor of exterminating the whole race of *Herrenvolk*, but he made the following startling statement a few



minutes later: "It's a crime to bomb those wonderful workshops and factories in the Ruhr. Here in England we sweat in miserable pigsties that haven't been altered for fifty years in order to blow up the modern, clean, and wholesome plants of the German workers!"

The little man in England is fighting this war not for the England of the past few generations but for a new order of things. He is well satisfied with the conduct of the war under Winston Churchill but he has a fundamental distrust of all the Tory leaders as to their fulfillment of postwar promises. The government's attitude toward social reform as shown in its treatment of the Beveridge Report, and even in its stand on the colonial

regions under the four principal allies without making any attempt at some form of "world government," which is anathema to the British, we shall be preparing bigger and better wars. It is as simple as that.

There are a lot of anti-American Britishers just as there are a lot of anti-British Americans. On the other hand, thousands of Britons are for the first time reading American history and still more thousands are going to "Brains Trust" meetings (British version of "Information, Please") where the contrasts between the two English-speaking nations is a very popular and hilarious topic, especially when a couple of Americans can be corralled to speak for them-

noisy but most of the men on leave are improving the opportunity to sightsee their first foreign country. Several times on trains, officers and men in Canadian blue or American khaki struck up a friendly conversation with me, thinking that I was British, and they were always somewhat chagrined to learn that I was "just another American."

English people told me that they admired our men for the uninhibited way in which they would speak about their mothers and, frequently, about their churches. British youngsters are more reserved on this score although their feelings undoubtedly go just as deep.

Church loyalty is a peculiarly British characteristic; their idea of Church and country is just as confused as the idea of Church and state in Germany. I wish I could report that the Canterbury Cathedral, which I have called the symbol of British faith, is more than a symbol now. In a sense it is true that all the churches of Britain (4,100 of which have been destroyed or damaged) are symbols of a stubborn and essentially Christian resistance.

I went to England expecting to find the British returning to the Church in the same way the Germans are turning back to religion. This is not the case. There are many explanations for it, but all of them together do not quite account for the fact that the British do not as yet see in their traditional religious institutions an adequate repository for their reawakened communal faith in God. They believe in God. Over the boarded-up façade of the Coventry parish church is written in tremendous letters "It all depends on me, and I depend on God." That is the way the people felt and still feel, but they are not so sure about finding God inside the churches. Just as political parties no longer mean anything to them, denominational divisions no longer mean anything. They are seeking a new form of religious expression which takes the whole of life—community life—into its scope.

Church leaders are conscious of the chasm which divides the common people from the Church and they are trying to bridge it. They admit that only four out of ten Englishmen belong to the Church and that only one in ten members can be described as active. In Germany 95 percent of the people still belong to churches but, when Hitler came to power in 1933, nine out of ten of them were utterly indifferent. Today the percentage of interested and active members is rising steeply and church services are better attended than in Britain. Upon the basis of my own observations I am ready to assert that the Christian faith and the Christian Church have a stronger hold on a larger number of both adults and youth in Germany than in Britain.

The explanation of this phenomenon is that active persecution of religion

(Continued on page 65)

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Ironical commentary amidst the wreckage of a London motion-picture theater blitzed by the Nazis.

question, have left a sour taste in John Bull's mouth.

Consequently, the three main political parties in the present government—Conservative, Liberal and Labor—are as dead as the dodo but have not been buried. The British are less interested in political parties than we Americans are. Instinctively they realize that their leaders have no new ideas for the guaranteeing of a better postwar world, and it became very evident to me in talking with not a few influential men that they could not envision anything more promising than the old "balance of power," which is simply power politics. That is exactly what the term "regional government," which Churchill and Eden use, means, plus, in my opinion, this one decisive factor for America: that we shall eventually find ourselves, if we accept it, tied to Britain or fighting against her, regardless of the rest of the United Nations. By dividing the world into four main

selves and their country.

I was in Harpenden outside of London for a Brains Trust meeting at the end of the community's "America Week," the first of its kind in England. Well over 200 people jammed the civic hall to hear their questions about the United States answered by two of our Army officers, Elizabeth Allan, screen actress, BBC's famous radio doctor and others who had been in America. Leslie Burgin, M.P., presided over the meeting which was conducted with rare good will in the spirit of give and take.

The presence of American men in uniform is another factor that has done much to improve the acquaintanceship of the so-called "cousins." The American boys to whom I talked were unanimous in their appreciation of British friendliness and the British invariably said that, by and large, our soldiers today are a great improvement over those of yesterday. I saw a few who were unnecessarily



## Youth Takes a Hand

By

A. B. Jordan

A REPORTER from Chicago came down to Moline, East Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, looked around carefully, then wrote in his paper that compared with the liquor joints of Moline, etc., the liquor joints of Chicago were "paragons of virtue and decorum." The three towns, he said, were rough, tough and wide open—especially for youth. That was on last March 11.

The young editor of *The Line O' Type*, Moline High School's weekly student paper, read that and got mad. Ruth Clifford was seventeen. She knew things were bad in Moline, but she said they weren't as bad as that, and she intended to do something, right away, about what was wrong with the town she loved. She knew that Moline's approximately eighty-five taverns were selling liquor to minors; she knew these taverns were running five-cent and ten-cent slot machines and "barrels of fun," a heads-you-win-tails-you-lose lottery device. Winners on these barrels won \$5 to \$10—in drinks! Youth got into the taverns without the least trouble. Some of them came out intoxicated.

Ruth Clifford started the ball rolling with a strong editorial in *The Line O' Type*. She demanded that the city ordinances prohibiting gambling and liquor sales to minors be enforced. She reminded the city fathers that there were few—precious few—centers of decent recreation for Moline's youth; she demanded at least one such center, *right away*.

The Chief of Police didn't do anything about it. The Mayor refused to see a committee of high-school students to dis-



MISS RUTH CLIFFORD

cuss the matter. But the city council was impressed with the storm that was blowing up out of a seventeen-year-old's editorial. So was the Dad's Club, which invited a students' committee to talk it over; so was the Parent-Teacher's Association, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the city judiciary and the Ministerial Alliance. Discussion began to rage, especially when a group of students sympathetic with the ideas of Ruth Clifford began to circulate a petition asking the Mayor and the council to enforce those laws.

All of a sudden, the police suspended the use of squad cars and returned to foot beats, so they could see what was really going on in those joints. (Some of the cops said they had always wanted to enforce those laws, but they were afraid of their jobs!) A policewoman complained that the delinquency of some parents was far worse than the delinquency of the youngsters; she had taken a 13-year-old girl out of one of the "recreation parlors" at 12:30 a.m., taken her home and turned her over to her parents, only to find the girl back in the joint within an hour's time. The parents began to get mad. Charges and counter-charges were made. The slot machines were ordered out of the taverns—but the nickel machines were allowed to remain.

Editor Clifford wrote herself another editorial. It sizzled. What, she asked,

was the sense of doing *that*? Now it would just take the youngsters twice as long to spend their money. What she and her committees were after was enforcement of the law, not evasion of it.

Two high-school boys picked up a slot machine in a bowling alley and took it down to police headquarters; the proprietor was fined \$25 next morning. That was the beginning of the end. The five-cent machines disappeared; so did bank night and bingo games. The laws against sale of booze to minors really began to show some teeth; the tavern owners looked twice at every customer.

That was that. But there was more. The decent recreation center that Ruth Clifford had asked for opened on August 2. Mr. Richard Dopp, head of the traffic department of Fairbanks-Morse Company, took leave-of-absence from his job to run it, and he may stay on permanently. An administrative body of high-school students and young businessmen and women are helping him. Located in an old church, it is probably the largest center of its kind in the United States.

It's still hard to believe that a seventeen-year-old high-school girl started all this, but—she did! She offers the perfect answer to those of lesser courage who are asking, "But what can I do about it?" A Congressional medal wouldn't be too great an honor for her!

There is a dignity and stateliness here,  
and an urge to look upward in the sweep  
of this chancel arch, worth imitating.

By

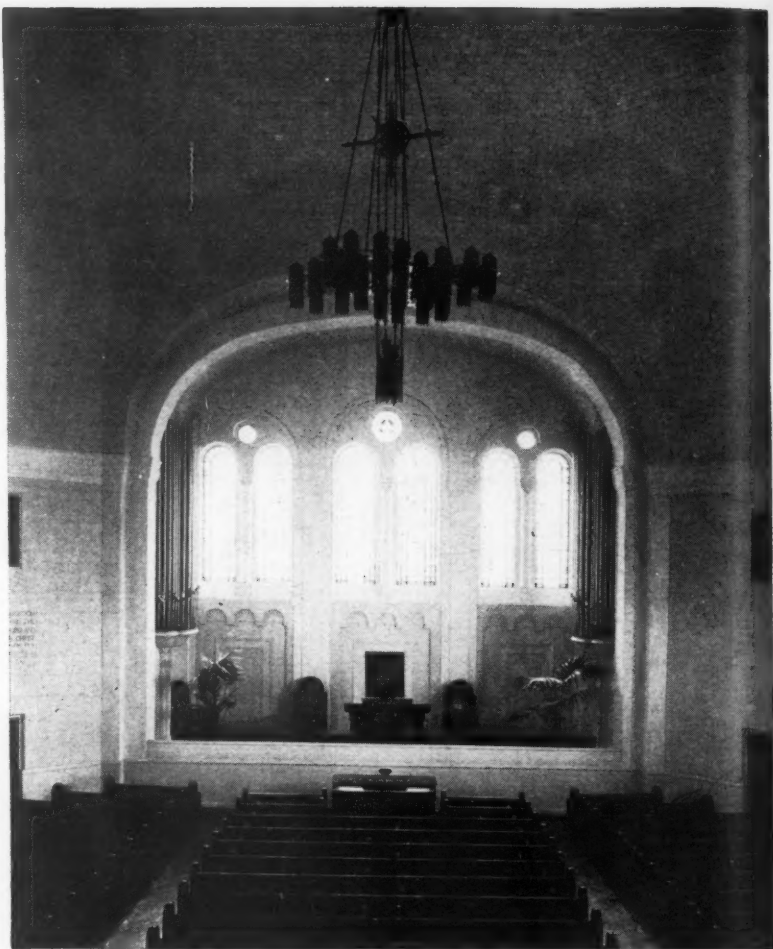
Francis A. Collins

**F**OR centuries, nobody paid much attention to church acoustics; nobody seemed to care whether anyone could hear the preacher or not. Stately and awe-inspiring as they were, the old Gothic cathedrals presented some weird effects and some baffling acoustic problems, and we of the modern day have fallen heir to too many of them. The voice of the preacher was lost or hopelessly confused among the lofty arches; by the time the preacher's voice had reached the tenth row, nobody could tell what he was talking about. It has remained for modern science and the modern church architect to really solve the problem, to analyze the vagaries of sound waves and to anticipate their behavior under all possible conditions.

The movement of sound waves in churches large and small is more involved than most of us realize. Sound travels outward from the speaker in spherical waves until it reaches the walls, ceiling and floor; on striking these surfaces the sound is either absorbed or reflected, depending upon the nature of the material. When the surfaces are curved, the sound is likely to be focused and intensified with most unpleasant effects.

Sound travels in ordinary temperatures at the rate of 1,120 feet per second. In a church seating approximately 2,000 persons, the word of the preacher is heard by the congregation in 1/40 of a second. The waves reach the furthestmost walls in about 1/25 of a second. Should they be reflected and travel back, they will return to the pulpit in 1/18 of a second, and by the time 1/10 of a second has passed a complicated series of troublesome echoes have been set in motion. These echoes, however, are not so serious if the sounds are seventy-five feet apart or separated by an interval of 1/15 of a second.

The behavior of sound waves in churches and auditoriums may be visualized by means of "pulse-photographs," which make it possible to study their movements in detail. A model is prepared with the walls, pillars and other construction surfaces of the room in place. This model is submerged in a glass-bottomed tank filled with slightly clouded water. A bright light is placed beneath the tank to throw all details into sharp relief. By touching the surface of the water at the point where the speaker stands, ripples are sent out in all



## CHURCH ACOUSTICS

Are you planning a new church, to be built "after the war"? Or are the acoustics in your old church badly in need of attention? This article was written to help you!



directions, reproducing the sound waves. It is thus possible to observe the movement of the ripples and their deflection on striking against the walls, pillars, or other obstacles in their path. By taking instantaneous photographs of these ripples, a valuable record is obtained of the actual movement of sound waves under various conditions.

In analyzing the acoustic conditions of a church, the engineers and architects carry out exhaustive tests which leave nothing to chance. With the aid of precision instruments, measurements are made of the articulation of the speaker, the time of variation, the distribution of sound in various parts of the church, the

noise level of the church and other details. A simple test of acoustic conditions may be made by repeating lists of selected words from the pulpit and noting the clearness of the resulting sounds in different parts of the church. Try it in *your* church; it may be that you can put in a new wall surface that will improve hearing conditions one hundred percent.

Remarkable progress has been made of late in preparing materials which will successfully absorb sound waves. As a result of careful laboratory tests it has been determined that the best raw materials for the purpose are clean hair, felt, jute, ellgrass, asbestos and some





Acousti-Celotex on the ceiling of this church took out the echoes and "bouncing" sound waves. (Photo courtesy The Celotex Corp.)



A simple, conservative treatment of walls and ceiling has brought light and beauty to this small church. (Photo courtesy Wood Conversion Co.)

kinds of soft wool. These are ingeniously formed into fibrous boards or panels which may be used in interiors without detracting from the dignity and general architectural and decorative effects. Special acoustic plasters have been invented with serrated texture. A paint has been prepared, one coat of which will reduce the reflecting power of a surface from fifteen to fifty percent. There are certain other liquids which may be sprayed over screens and other surfaces thereby greatly reducing their powers of reverberation and improving the acoustic conditions. Many of these discoveries have been made in the past three or four years.

Good hearing conditions may be assured by recognizing the importance of a few comparatively simple rules. It should always be borne in mind that mere loudness of voice is not enough. The voice should be sufficiently loud, but beyond a certain point this quality defeats its own ends. The interior should be free from echoes, and voice-focusing and the reverberation should be controlled. All sounds should die as quickly as possible. Unnecessary noise arising outside as well

as inside the church should be eliminated or absorbed.

Modern experts have discovered that wires strung at the back of the church to prevent echoes are wholly useless. There is a belief that such wires absorb echoes and that sound waves striking the wires set up a vibration which neutralizes the disturbing reverberations. There is no scientific foundation for this long-cherished belief. Miles of wires have been strung beneath church ceilings and galleries without the slightest effect. They serve only to disfigure. Poor acoustic conditions can often be improved by merely introducing curtains or by changing the position of furniture which absorbs sound and prevents reverberation.

There is also a very general misapprehension as to the value of sounding boards in churches to carry the preacher's voice to distant hearers. Many sounding boards are actually worse than useless. Unless they are scientifically designed and placed, they often interfere with the reflection of sound waves from other surfaces and complicate the natural reverberations of the church.

Sounding boards are only effective when they are large, well placed, and flat, never curved; their design and positions should be left to experienced acoustic authorities. The pulpits in many churches are placed before a column, which presents a more or less complicated problem in sound reflection. The position of a pulpit removed from reflecting walls presents an entirely different problem. Many factors must be considered in designing and placing sounding boards to fit varying conditions.

The acoustic problems encountered in the Riverside Church in New York City and their successful solution may be found instructive. The church is rectangular in form with shallow transepts. The height of the nave is 104 feet. The church seats 2,500 people, which gives 400 cubic feet of space per person. The degree of reverberation, incidentally, is reduced from 3.05 to 2.5 when the church is filled. Without skillful treatment, the acoustics would leave much to be desired, and the voice of the preacher would fail to reach the rear seats. It was found necessary to add sufficient sound-reflecting materials to the lofty ceiling-vault and main chancel to overcome the natural reverberations. The surfaces were covered with such materials to a height of fifty-two feet. As a result the acoustic conditions of the church today are excellent, and the voice of the preacher may be clearly (Continued on page 49)



Worship in this sanctuary is cross-centered. It is all done with acoustically perfect, insulating materials. (Photo by Wood Conversion Co.)

# FULL MEASURE



*A poignant story of prayer  
and faith in the Lord*

"YES, I calculate," said Solomon Gregg, leaning on a hoe between two rows of potato plants in his garden, "that it all mounts up 'till you git enough."

Solomon had passed the half-century mark, but his mental apparatus worked overtime. There he stood in his blue overalls, blue shirt open at the throat, his broad-brimmed farm hat shading his twinkling blue eyes, his grayish wisp of a beard bobbing up and down keeping time with his words.

"But how'd ye know when ye git enough?" asked Neighbor Jake Henshaw, who had lived next door for thirty years, and was younger in years than Sol Gregg, though older in appearance. Jake was short, dark, and thin. Rheumatism had put a few kinks in his joints. His eyes were solemn and moody as he spoke. He was the question mark of the community, for he always wanted to know the why and wherefore of any question that came up, before he was convinced. He was a long time coming to conclusions, but having once arrived,

no sort of persuasion, however eloquent or philosophical, could budge him from his position.

Sol Gregg was often referred to, and not at all in derision, as Praying Solomon, for he prayed about everything in his own way, and it was a matter of prayer that was at this moment under discussion with his old friend and neighbor Jake Henshaw.

Jake's son Emmanuel lay sick of a fever, and the country doctor couldn't call it by name, and this troubled Jake.

"Seems as if he'd orter know what kind of fever 'tis, then we'd know what to do fer it," soliloquized Jake, staring at the ground.

"There hain't much in that kind o' reasonin', you know, Jake," said Solomon kindly, laying his big rough hand on his friend's shoulder. "Course'n we can't tell whether the good Lord wants 'Manuel now or later, and iffen he wants him now, don't matter what name you give the fever, does it?"

"But you don't think he's goin' to die, do you, Sol?" Jake paled at the thought.

Sol scratched his head and played with his beard meditatively.

"I don't know," said he, "'deed I don't, but we kin find out." He looked at his friend hopefully.

"What do ye mean, Sol? That boy is the life o' me, you know that. What do you mean?"

"Well, it's very simple when you understand it and are willin' to do what the Lord wants."

"I'm willin'. But I don't know what that is."

"Well, we'll find out, then."

"How?" urged Jake eagerly.

"Ask Him."

"But I'm not like you, Sol. This here prayin' business is new to me. How do you ask Him?"

"Well, how would you ask me?" replied the practical Sol.

"Why—I s'pose I'd just say, 'Sol, what do you want me to do?'"

"An' s'posin' I didn't answer you? What'd you do then?"

"I'd wonder if you heerd me, I s'pect."

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By

By **GERTRUDE  
ROBERTS  
RUGH**

and maybe I'd ask you again."

Sol laughed. "Well, I'm a little deaf, but you can bet on it the Lord hain't." He chuckled, "He knows what you're thinkin' about before ye ask it, so's ye needn't even ask it, ye can jest think it!"

"But I've already asked the Lord what to do," remonstrated Jake, "and here I am awaitin' round for the doctor to name that fever and git the right pills."

"But you see," said Sol the wise, "what you're askin' the Lord is what He wants you to do—not the doctor—and He hain't told you nothin' yet?"

"Not as I know of," Jake shook his head. "You see, the boy's pretty hot and keeps a-talkin' crazy-like, and we can't tell just what he's sayin', and it gits me, Sol, it jest gits me." A tear ran down his haggard cheek.

"I know," said Sol, "I kin help, and I will. But you know—you've got your answer already. If you've already asked the Lord what to do and He hain't answered you, why He don't want you to do nothin' but wait. You see, sometimes it takes a lot o' time, and waitin's about the hardest thing we do. Maybe that's what you've got to learn, Jake, how to wait."

"How do you wait, Sol?"

"Well, you jest sit down, I don't mean really sit down, 'cause sometimes you've got 'taters to hoe, or corn to shuck, but your soul sits down inside o' you, and jest waits for the Lord to do whatever He's a-goin' to do. It's a restful feelin', 'cause you don't feel no responsibility yourself—you jest let the Lord take charge o' the whole business."

"But the boy might die—"

Sol nodded gravely. "Yes, he might, and iffen he does, the Lord's still in charge, hain't He?"

"But I can't get on 'thouten 'Manuel, Sol. Neither kin Hetty. She sets every-thing on 'Manuel."

"That's the trouble, Jake. You jest gotter let the Lord run things, and iffen He wants 'Manuel, let Him have him. He ain't really your'n, nohow, is he? I learned about that when our Sammy died. You see I got the idee that Sammy was our'n and all the time he was only loaned to us fer a little while. Sammy was our first son, and a brighter, prettier little rascal you never see'd, but he had to go—and somehow or 'nuther Sammy's been closer to me'n any of the others ever since. He's here with me

hacin' taters, and he follers me around the field and I never lose him. T'aint nothin' like as if he'd only be with me fer part of the time."

"I don't understand, Sol."

"No, I 'spect not, Jake. I didn't myself 'till Sammy died. But you see, first of all you gotter tell the Lord to take charge, and then get yourself outten the way and let Him take charge. No monkey business about that. You turn the whole business over to the Lord, and you jest set down inside yerself and watch the Lord work it all out. It's a sight to behold, Jake, a sight to behold. Jest tell Him to take 'Manuel or leave him, for He knows best, then you keep on a-settin' down—in your soul, I mean—and a-waitin' on the Lord, and you'll see what'll happen."

Jake looked puzzled, but decided to try, and Sol continued his wisdom.

"You see, it's like this: when you're waitin' on the Lord, you gotta do enough waitin' to git the job done. It's like waitin' fer the doctor. You gotta sit outside and jest wait and wait, and you can't see what he's doin' in there, nor why he doesn't come out, but you know he's busy and your turn'll come soon. It may be he's a-fixin' your pills fer you all the time, and some pills take a heap o' fixin'. Or maybe He's fixin' pills fer another feller who's sicker'n you are, while you set and quiet down a bit and git up yer courage so's he kin get yer pulse right. Anyway, you jest gotta leave it all to him, don't you, Jake? And when you've done enough waitin', your turn's sure to come."

Jake nodded. This much about the doctor he understood, but the Lord, whom he hadn't seen, was a bit different.

"But I want that boy to live, Sol," said Jake with a tremble in his voice.

"'Course—and the Lord does, too, and He'll keep him livin', Jake, but the Lord knows jest where's the best place fer 'Manuel, and you don't. Now ain't that so, Jake?"

Jake didn't reply, but he understood, and started off toward home.

"Be sure you don't tell the Lord what to do, Jake. He knows His business better'n you do. You jest set down inside yerself and wait. You see, He's in charge, an' He's a-runnin' the whole world, Jake."

Emmanuel's fever grew worse. His little face was red and looked swollen. His jabbering continued, and he tossed from side to side. His mother wrung out cold cloths and put them on his head, moistened his mouth and bathed his hands and face, and still he tossed. Jake, pale and listless, paced the floor, but he was "sittin' down inside and waitin' for the Lord" as Sol had advised.

After another day he went to Sol again.

"Sol, he hain't no better."

"How'd ye know?" asked Sol.

"'Cause his fever's up and he's rollin' all 'round same as before only worse."

"But—time is a-goin' on, Jake," said Sol, "and things is a-gettin' done and done right, too, if'n you're a-waitin' right." Then he added, laying his big hand on his friend's shoulder, "I been a-waitin' with you, Jake, and I know the Lord's at work. We'll jest keep on a-waitin' together until we do enough waitin', and then we'll see—we'll see—"

Jake felt the deep sincerity of Sol's friendship and his desire to help. He also got the idea that if Sol Gregg could help in this matter, maybe Hetty could help, too. So that very evening he spoke, rather abruptly, as Hetty was sponging 'Manuel's face.



A heavy stamping outside followed by a loud knocking, took Jake to the door. When he opened it, Sol Gregg stepped inside.

Illustrator **HENRY LUHRS**



"Hetty, what you doin' all day long here with 'Manuel?'"

Hetty paused in her work, astonished. "Doin'? Now listen to ye. I'm busy ez I kin be from mornin' till night takin' care of Manny and gitten you a bite, and here you are askin' me what I'm a-doin'. What's the matter with ye?"

"But what you doin' inside, I mean?"

"Inside? I'm inside all the time, hain't I? I hain't stepped a foot outten that door since Manny took sick."

"I know, Hetty, I know, you been awful busy all the time in the house, but I mean inside yerself."

"Inside myself? The Lord help us, Jake! I believe you're gettin' this fever, too. Lay down on the sofie and I'll get a cold cloth on your head. Now mind me, lay right down."

"My head don't hurt, Hetty. T'ain't nothin' wrong with me."

"Then stop talkin' so crazy-like, Jake Henshaw. I got enough to stand with Manny ravin' like he is."

"But listen, Hetty, don't you want Manny to git well?"

"Why, Jake. What a crazy question. He's the life o' me, you know that, Jake. I keep a-askin' the Lord every minute to make him well."

"That's jest it! That's it! That's jest a-why he hain't a-gittin' well."

"Jake, I declare, you're plumb crazy!"

"Oh no, I hain't, Hetty, no I hain't! How do *you* know that Manny should get well?"

"Now jest you stop yer talkin', Jake, and lay right down, and I'll git this towel wet and put it on your head."

"No you won't, neither, Hetty. My head's all right, but don't you see—you can't tell the Lord what to do. He's a-runnin' this whole world, and He knows better'n you do 'bout Manny, Hetty."

"You mean—you mean Manny's going to die!" shrieked Hetty in grief and terror, turning white as a sheet.

"I don't mean nothin' at all," said Jake, "'ceptin' the Lord knows better'n we do whether He wants Manny here or there." Here Jake's speech failed him for Hetty suddenly sat down on the sofa and fell back in a swoon.

Jake found himself mopping her face and holding the wet towel that she had prepared for him, to the back of her neck. By and by she came to with wide staring eyes and looked up into Jake's pale, blank face.

"What did you say, Jake?"

"Oh nuthin', Hetty."

"Yes, you did—'bout the Lord knowin' best?"

"That's all. He jest knows best, always, doesn't He? You always said He sent us Manny, and Manny hain't really urn. He's only loaned to us fer a spell, and we don't know fer how long, do we now, Hetty?"

"No," she agreed feebly, "we don't." Hetty sat up and looked about her quietly.

"Manny's so quiet-like, Jake. Go over

and look if'n he's all right."

Jake crossed the little room and took the child's hand and held it. Emmanuel had stopped tossing and lay breathing quietly. "He's all right, Hetty," said Jake.

"I know," said Hetty, much to Jake's surprise.

"What do you know?" asked Jake querulously.

"You're right Jake. It was my fault. Soon's I let loose, he got quiet-like, didn't he?"

"Let loose?"

"Yes, I jest let loose! I jest was

and he had broken out in a cold sweat. Hetty ran and wrapped up a hot flatorin and put it to his feet. She sat and chafed his hands and wiped his forehead.

A heavy stamping outside followed by a loud knocking took Jake to the door. When he opened it, Sol Gregg stepped inside.

"He's better, hain't he?" asked Sol.

"I don't know," answered Jake, turning back to the bedside where Hetty sat beside 'Manuel.

"Well," said Sol, laying a big rough hand on 'Manuel's cool, moist brow, and stooping over to listen to his breathing.

## LASSIE, COME HOME

**T**HIS isn't a picture; it's an experience. "Lassie, Come Home," has a never-never land enchantment and beauty about it that we miss in most motion pictures; it is the picture you always hoped to see; it has never been done before and we doubt that it will be done again; you can take the whole family to see it and never once wish you weren't there. (Photographs from the picture are on opposite page.)

The locale is British Yorkshire and bonnie Scotland. The cast is excellent, from Lassie the heroine to Hynes the brutal kennel-keeper. The heroine is the loveliest collie dog in the world; she runs away with your heart and with the show. Idolized by her young master, Joe, and idolizing him, Lassie is sold to a Duke; times are hard in Yorkshire, and the family must eat! But Lassie refuses to stay sold; she breaks out of the Duke's kennels, comes home again and again. The Duke takes her to Scotland, to break her of that habit—and she comes home again, beating her way from Scotland to Yorkshire, crossing mountains and leaving her bloody footprints on the sharp rock, swimming rivers, starving, fighting, outwitting dog-catchers and thieves, struggling through thunderstorms, traveling with an amiable peddler, scratching at last on the door of—home.

This picture has all the juvenile pathos of "Boys' Town," all the rugged character of "How Green Was My Valley." It has everything that "My Friend Flicka" had, and a lot more. If you liked Flicka, you'll love Lassie. Like "Flicka," it is in beautiful technicolor.

Every American, aged five to ninety, must see it. Take the children. Take the family. If you really mean it when you say you want good wholesome movie-fare in your town, ask your local theatre to show it.

*Frank S. Mead*

a-hangin' onto the Lord and kept a-tellin' Him that He'd gotta save Manny—that we couldn't get 'long 'thout him. And when you told me I was wrong, I jest let loose all of a sudden-like, and then I didn't know nuthin' fer a spell."

"I didn't tell you, Hetty, Doc Mason said it looked to him like ammonia—or sumpin' like that."

"T'aint ammonia, Jake, why it can't be ammonia. That's what I wash windows with."

The child cried out and threw up his hands. Jake and Hetty rushed to his side. His little face had lost its flush

"His fever's broke, anyway, and that's the beginnin' of bein' better, hain't it?" He spoke in his usual matter-of-fact way. Then he added tenderly to Hetty, "Keep him warm, Hetty."

Jake ventured to speak, clearing his throat hoarsely. "Hetty's been a-helpin', too, Sol."

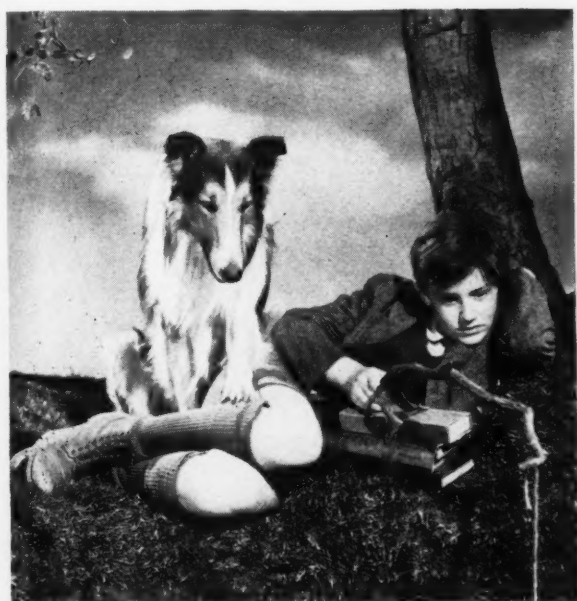
"That's it!" almost shouted Sol. "That's jest it, I tell you! The three of us together made up the full measure till it was enough! Didn't I tell you already, Jake, you jest had to wait till you got enough?"



Bad news awaits Joe as Lassie brings him home from school; Lassie has been sold to a Duke, that the family may eat.



Nearly dead in a thunderstorm, she is rescued by a friendly old couple who would like to keep her. But . . .



Lassie comes home again, deserting the Duke; Joe and the dog run away. They're "outlaws" now, and proud of it.



On the road again, Lassie falls in with an itinerant peddler, saves his life, leaves him when their roads divide.



Taken to Scotland, Lassie breaks away again, crosses mountains, swims rivers, starves and fights her way home to Yorkshire.



Home from Scotland, the Duke finds her hidden in Joe's home. But the Duke is a good Duke, and it all ends well.

# THE THRONE OF GRACE

By

Ralph W. Sockman

**I**N THIS the month of our national Thanksgiving Day, I wish to extend an old-fashioned invitation. It reads like this: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

I call this statement from the Epistle to the Hebrews an old-fashioned invitation because the expression, "the throne of grace" was far more familiar to our godly grandfathers than it is to ourselves. It belongs back in the era of some other expressions, such as "the mourners' bench," "the mercy-seat," and "the amen

## SERMON

corner"—terms seldom heard in the modern church. Perhaps it is good to bring forth some old words for our modern study. When we have lost our way the best thing to do is to go back to the place where we got off the road. And certainly the world has lost its way to the throne of grace.

While Thanksgiving Day is an American national festival, thanksgiving is a universal practice. Let us then for a moment think of the contrasts which the season calls to mind. Here in America we meet in freedom of worship and express ourselves freely on questions of public policy. But in contrast to this, look abroad. In France, the land of once contented peasants and gay Parisians, we see men living in fear lest they be called out and shot as hostages for crimes which they did not commit. Or think of those dictator-ridden lands where secret police mingle with the worshipers and the walls of one's own house seem to have ears. Pass on through the Near East where the fear of becoming a battleground makes all plans uncertain,—on through

Russia strewn with slain and swarming with refugees,—on through China where death may drop from the skies at any moment,—on to Japan where Kagawa and his fellow Christians are torn between the ideals of the Prince of Peace and the methods of the military regime now ruling that island empire.

Against such a world background stands our invitation, "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace." Ponder the significance of the divine throne of grace in contrast with the kind of rule now dominating so much of the world. Think what it means to turn from dictators who rule by unpredictable personal edict to a God who governs by law and can therefore be counted on, the same yesterday, today and forever. Think what it means to come out of communities spy-ridden and police-patrolled, into the fellowship of God's family where men live by mutual confidence and trust.

Yes, let us behold our God against the shadows cast by the power politics of our day. Our God rules from a "throne of grace." Translated from poetic figure in-

to the prose of everyday living, this means that the universe is in the hands of a God who is gracious as well as just. He is a God of justice who oversees everything and overlooks nothing, but also a God of grace who follows us not as Police Inspector Javert followed Jean Valjean but as a good parent follows through with a wayward child or as an efficient social worker follows through in the case of an impoverished family. It means that ours is a God who rules by the law of love and not by the whim of desire, not capriciously cruel one day and softly indulgent the next. It means that our God is firm, not condoning our faults but faithful, not forgetting our virtues; that he is a God of infinite compassion who understands the innermost ache of sorrow and the subtlest causes of failure.

Maybe all this talk about "the throne of grace" does not interest you. It has been said lately that men as a rule do not care much about the doctrine of grace until they reach the age of thirty.

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# "LET US THEREFORE COME BOLDLY UNTO THE THRONE OF GRACE THAT WE MAY OBTAIN MERCY, AND FIND GRACE TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED."

*Hebrews 4:16*

Perhaps that is true. When I was a boy I thought of God as a great being whose eye followed me everywhere I went, saw everything I did and recorded my deeds in his book of judgment. When I went to college, the emphasis of my thought of God was shifted to his laws as revealed in nature and the formulae of science. The prestige of science during the last few decades has focused the minds of men on the laws of God. But when a person reaches the age of thirty, when he starts a household of his own, when he sees little children leaning on him for support, when he takes the measure of himself and sees his own limitations—then he begins to care about the doctrine of divine grace, because he sees that something more is needed in life than cold justice and rigid law.

"The grace of God," says Professor Henry Nelson Wieman of Chicago, "is the good which God puts into each concrete situation over and above all that man can do or plan or even imagine." It is this element of extra, unmerited favor that God puts into life. This grace is the oil which keeps the wheels of family life running. It is grace, not mere justice, which mothers reveal in their sleepless hours over wayward children. It is grace which friends show in their patient forgiveness of our faults. Yes, as Robert Louis Stevenson said in rebuking those conceited persons who think they pay as they go: "There is nothing but God's grace. We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die it: it makes the nails and axes of the universe; and a puppy in pajamas prefers self-conceit." Not then as puppies in pajamas conceitedly preening ourselves on our achievements, but as humble and grateful recipients of divine favor, let us come boldly unto "the throne of grace."

Why? Let us go on to the second clause of our Thanksgiving invitation: "that we may obtain mercy." We often say and hear said, "All that I ask is justice." Well, justice, to be sure, is the foundation on which mercy rests; but as Portia said to Shylock, "In the course of justice none of us shall see salvation."

When we think of what has been done for us by those who have gone before, by parents who nurtured us in our helplessness, by friends who have furthered our welfare in infinite ways, by the nation which surrounds us with its laws and protection—when we think of all these in contrast to what we have done, would we not have to admit that we are morally

insolvent and need mercy? When we think of what our parents expected us to be and what our children believe us to be, and then set those estimates alongside of what we really are, do we not pray to obtain mercy in the sight of our loved ones? When we think of the duties we have refused, of our slack and empty hours, of the excuses which we have given to hide our unfaithfulness, of those whose lives we have made harder by our trespasses, of those whose faith we have dimmed by our disloyalty to God, who of us feels that he can plead his case be-

sufferings of His people, because He thought Himself partly responsible? It takes a pretty good person to feel the pain of responsibility for society's sins; but the pain is a pretty good test of a person's Christ-likeness.

I cannot escape the feeling that when I come to stand before the Great Assize, I shall have to face some questions like these: Did you live in those days after the first World War and did you do all you could to help the nations find a way to international government and brotherhood? Did you live through those 1920's when nations were trying to find a basis for disarming and what did you do to keep the world from slipping back into military madness? Did you live in those years when race prejudice was rearing its ugly head in America as well as in Germany and did you do all in your power to scotch it? Did you live in the early 1940's when men talked much about patriotism while many of them tried to squeeze all possible advantages out of our nation's emergency, and what did you do about that? I cannot help but feel that such are some of the questions which my generation will have to answer before God's throne of grace, and for them we shall need to obtain mercy.

And when we look ahead, as well as behind and around us, who does not pray for mercy? Who is able in his own strength to stand up to the testing days ahead? The war is not over. What suffering may come to our own households, who knows? What tragedy may be wrought by our mistakes?

Let us go on now to the third and last clause of our invitation. "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." It requires a lot of grace really to help people. It is not a simple and easy thing to give the proper aid in time of need. Sometimes more damage than good is done by well-meant efforts of assistance. The desire to help must be developed into a strategy of love. Love has to be very ingenious in order to give aid without injuring the personality of the one helped. Yonder is a mother who sees her daughter in desperate need of guidance. Her heart aches as she watches the girl wrestling with her problem. But the mother knows that she must not barge in on her beloved lest she injure the sensitive daughter's self-respect. So she waits for an opening. And how ingenious love can be when it cares enough. Yonder is a teacher who sees a boy in her school at war with himself. A fight is going on inside him and breaks out in many a bad fit of temper or breach of school discipline. That teacher, if she is good, watches for a chance to enter his life and help him.

Yes, when a person sets out to aid another, he should go to God for grace to help in time of need. It takes infinite patience and ingenuity to lift a person without bruising or weakening him. It

(Continued on page 64)

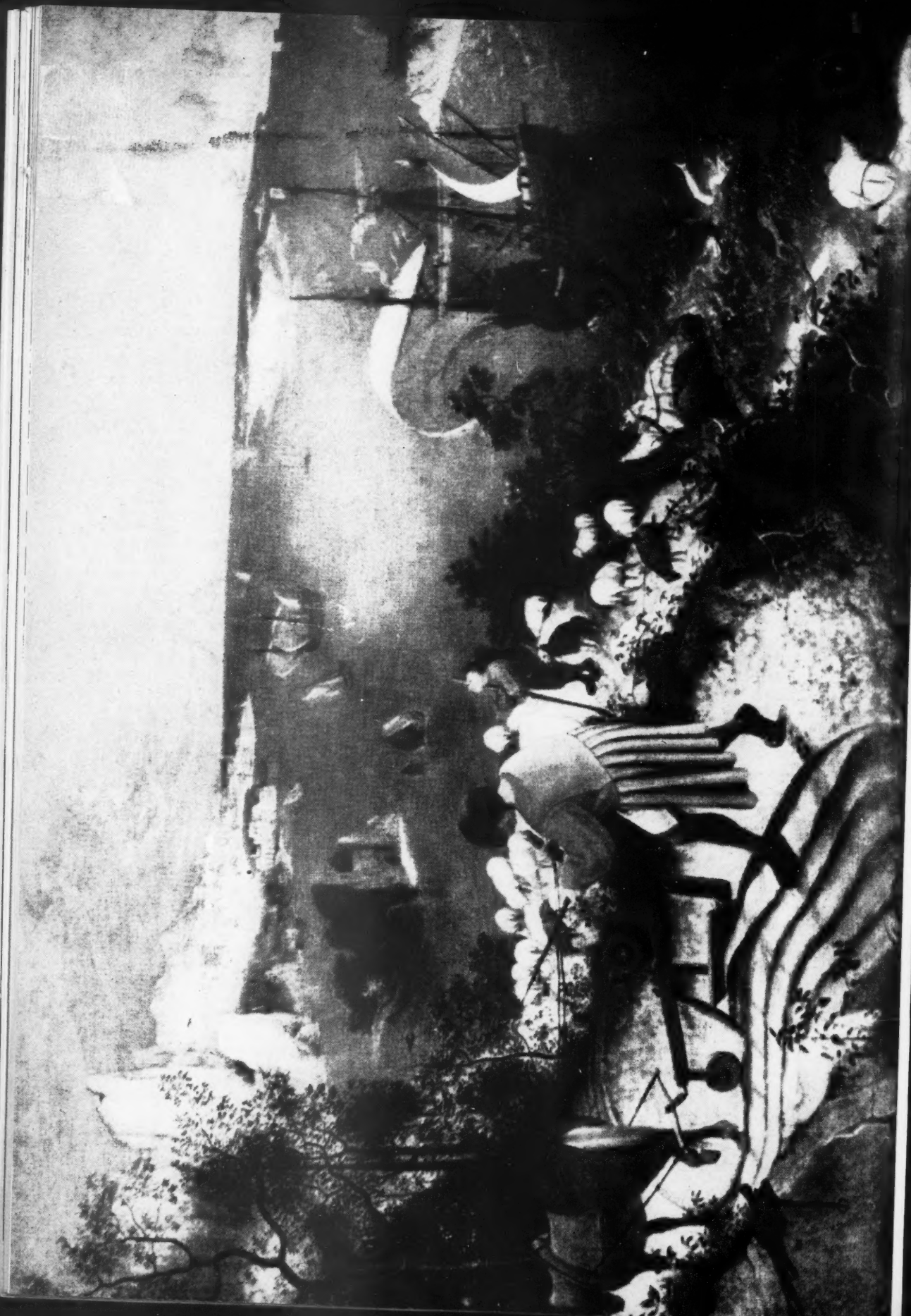
## What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

1. How many of Peter's Epistles have we?
2. What Book of the Bible is named for a race?
3. Where is Mount Moriah?
4. What was Dorcas's other name?
5. What other name has the Passover?
6. Who was Eve's third child?
7. What famous judge asked, "What is truth?"
8. Who said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove?"
9. What kind of wine was not to be put into old bottles? Why not?
10. What weapons did Gideon's commands have?

(Answers on page 50)

fore the throne of God without asking for divine mercy? A fussy little woman once bustled up to Dr. Johnson and said, "How does one know when he has sinned?" The brusque old Dr. Johnson replied, "Lady, a man knows when he has sinned, and that's enough." Ah, yes, we do not need to be told how or when we have sinned. We know it. And we know, too, that we need mercy for our past.

And when we look out on the world, what is our feeling of responsibility for its sins? Do we, like Pontius Pilate try to wash our hands of the bloody mess as he did when he called for the basin of water after sending Jesus off to be crucified? Or are we like Jesus who went down to be baptized of John for the sins and



THE DEATH OF ICARUS BY PIETER BREUGHEL

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By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

**W**HY does anybody hang a picture on the wall of his room? For the same reason that anybody reads a book. That is to say, for a great variety of reasons, depending on who "anybody" is, and what he feels like, at any particular time. Here are some of the very diverse reasons for which we read books: to be amused, or to be instructed, or to be spiritually helped, or just to pass the time away; to be moved to tears or to indignation; or for a mild contemplation of nature, or an intense concentrated effort to understand some of nature's unsolved problems. The reasons for hanging a picture on the wall are as diverse: one person says he wants a picture only "to be pretty," by which honest and simple phrase, he means that his desire is to add to the visual beauty of his surroundings. A handsome well-designed piece of fine needlework in a geometrical design would serve the purpose for him just as well as a picture.

It must also be a wordless comment on life, wise, profound, subtle, which makes him think deeply about human existence, and because he has thought deeply, brings him the immense comfort, satisfaction, and reassurance which always follow on more complete understanding. Again, there is the person who, hard-pressed in some emergency, longs for the sheer contact with vitality and power such as pours out from a mighty picture like Goya's "The Forge." And there is yet another other mood in which we prize the "pleasure of recognition" of the details pictured. This last very simple, primal pleasure seems to be all that most little boys and girls are capable of getting out of pictures—a dog that looks like a dog, a barn that looks like a barn, a man running who reminds them of running men they have seen.

As for me, personally, I hold by a saying of an ancient great-uncle I knew in my childhood, one of whose life mottoes

then, "Well,—look! The curve made by that farmer's plow is the same line repeated." When they have seen that much, they realize that they are looking at a picture, not a photograph; that what is before their eyes is a work of art, designed after long brooding thought by a master, not some material facts literally reproduced by the lens of an ingenious machine.

Sometimes after this, as visitors go on looking—for, once the eye is caught by Breughel's great picture, it is hard to look away and go on with talk about the shortage of gasoline, a new hair-do, or a leak in the plumbing—their interest is aroused by the details shown. "What a curious plow! All of wood! Yet the harness doesn't look so very different from what's used now. And that ship—it looks like the pictures of Columbus's caravels in my school history book. When was this painted?" When they hear it was painted in 1554 there is, often, after a moment's calculating of dates, the musing comment that it could have been looked at by some elderly sailor who in his youth had gone as cabin boy on Columbus's first great adventure. With the knowledge that the picture was painted almost four centuries ago, the interest is deepened, as if to a single note of music, pleasant enough, somebody had added a second one in a harmonious combination. "Really? Well, think of being able to see a landscape just as it looked when Queen Elizabeth was young!"

A little talk about this usually takes place as we try to think of famous people of history who might have seen such a landscape. Martin Luther died only eight years before this picture was painted. Probably, on his famous trip to Rome, he passed through just such country. He probably saw high-decked ships like that, sailing into a harbor on the banks of which a white city lay dreaming in the sun. And English Henry the Eighth's Flemish wife, Anne of Cleves, was born and brought up not far from where Breughel lived and painted. She must many times have watched from the windows of her castle, just such a farmer plodding behind just such a plow.

Then, if the visitor knows something about the dates when painters first began to paint landscapes for their own sakes, not merely as background for the "real" part of the picture, he's apt to say, "But look here, isn't 1554 very early for a landscape painting?"

At this point he gets a surprise, when I tell him that the title of the picture is "The Death of Icarus."

He gives one quick look at the painting and says, "But there isn't any Icarus in it. Only a farmer plowing, a shepherd leaning on his crook and a fisherman casting his line." And then he sees, down in the corner of the canvas, all that is left of poor Icarus as he plunges headlong to his death—his two legs, showing for

(Continued on page 62)

## Death of ICARUS

Another person, if he is brave enough to speak out in defiance of those sophisticated critics who scorn any "story-telling picture" as being on as low an aesthetic level as a cast-iron dog on the front lawn, says he wants a picture to tell him about something that has happened. To this order belong the sheep huddled together in a snowstorm, the handsome young man in a garden sadly turning away from a beautiful girl who has evidently just refused to marry him or, the same young man embracing with ardor the same lovely girl who this time has just agreed to marry him. Or perhaps the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Or a very wet child being dragged out of the water by a faithful Newfoundland dog. What such a person wants from a picture is something more of life than he gets in his everyday existence, presented to him not in words as in a story but in lines and colors. And this use for paintings is one which was not despised by the greatest masters of art, who knew how to make something superb out of this demand.

Then there is the person who wants a picture to be not only added color and brightness in his room, not only a piece of life he would not otherwise have, but

was "No 'or' in my life! I want 'and.' I won't let anybody ask me, 'Do I want mince pie or apple pie.' I want both!" What I really like to get from a picture is—well, everything inside one frame.

There are pictures which give the observer that "everything" if you look at them long enough, and intently enough, and often enough. A reproduction of a painting by the sixteenth-century artist Breughel hangs on one wall of my workroom. I have gazed at it for years, and always find something new in it—a new joy for the eye, the mind, or the heart.

When visitors come into the room and first catch sight of it, they are apt to see first that it is lovely to look at. "Oh, what a beautiful blue in that sea!" they exclaim. "And what an exquisite sky!" and "That rosy rich red of the plowman's sleeves—how nice a warm color like red looks, set off by all those soft greens and blues and browns. It's like hearing a good trombone sing out a rich note in an orchestra, after a lot of violins and flutes and oboes." After the colors, they usually notice next the lines, "That crisp taut wind-filled sail on the ship, what an enchanting curve that is!" and then, "Why, the shape of the harbor the ship is headed for is just like the shape of that sail, isn't it? Same curve exactly." and





She pulled off her glove and displayed a small diamond glittering on her finger.

*Illustrator* PHIL BERRY

# If STARS were Leaves

[PART FIVE]

*By* ANNE TEDLOCK BROOKS

**A**FTER Stephen told Katherine that Rosalind had gone back home, without staying for the reception, they changed the subject and did not refer to it again. Stephen stayed on and ate Sunday dinner with the Carsons, and washed dishes with Dianthe and Kit afterward. Then he took Katherine back into town for the night, using the excuse that he had promised to look in on one of his patients.

November passed like a comet, Katherine remembered later, filled to the brim with busy days, an overnight Thanksgiving vacation and plans to be discussed for Christmas.

She saw Stephen now and then in the lunchroom in the hospital basement, as he ate with the other staff doctors. She

assisted him in the operating room three days in succession, standing by in white mask and handing him instruments with adroit precision. She saw those long slender fingers make incisions, probe delicate tissues, and follow swiftly with sutures, with dexterity and gentleness.

In the hospital and in the wards, he was Dr. Chandler, Jr. and she, Miss Carson. Not once did he mention Rosalind Winthrop during the few times she saw him at her home. He seemed to avoid mentioning her, and Katherine would not have known perhaps until he had left, that he was going to Baltimore for the holidays, except that Dianthe had stopped in to see her the Monday before.

"Stevie's flying to Baltimore for Christ-

mas Eve," she said preceding Katherine into her room at the Nurses' Home. "Isn't that wonderful, Kitty? I'd love to fly on a big airliner. Some day I shall, too, you wait and see!"

Stephen was going to Baltimore. That meant only one thing, of course, to Katherine. He was going to see Rosalind. Her slender hands shook as she took off her cap and laid her cape across the back of a chair. But she knew all along that he probably would. She had dared mention it to her innermost self one day, and they had argued about it. But he hasn't mentioned her since that day—she told herself. That doesn't mean anything. Naturally, he wouldn't go around talking about her to you, whispered the other self.

Dianthe was flushed with cold, her blue eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were high with color. She had been shopping all afternoon, and had come to wait for Henry to come for her, after supper. Presently, they would go and eat at the little restaurant across from the hospital, and until this moment, Katherine had felt festive about it, and had wanted to give her sister a special treat. Now her spirits sank, and she had to brace herself, forcing a cheerfulness that she could not feel.

She took a shower and dressed, putting on a red woolen dress. She added high-heeled patent leather pumps, and a dashing little black hat with a bright feather nodding gaily at her reflection.

"You look awfully pretty," said Dianthe extravagantly, throwing her arms about her. "I think you're the prettiest nurse in the hospital, Kitty. And Stevie thinks so, too."

Katherine blushed and said, "Why—you mustn't say such things to Stephen, Dianthe."

Her sister waved the thought aside carelessly, "Oh, Stevie and I are such good friends, Kitty, we say what we like to each other. He seems such a nice antidote for Bruce Douglas."

Katherine turned shocked eyes to her. "But I thought you liked Mr. Douglas."

"Oh, I do. But I get so tired of hearing how he intercepted a pass and ran seventy-five yards for a touchdown just before the whistle blew, and saved the day for his dear old alma-termater!"

Katherine laughed until she was almost hysterical. So Bruce had begun to pall a little? They were ready to go now, and she followed Dianthe's straight little figure down the stairs. The moon rode high, dappled clouds skittered about the sky, and the air held a warning of snow.

They were about to cross the street when a male voice asked, "The Misses Carson in person?"

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"I'll beat you to the old boat!"  
she cried over her shoulder.



"Oh, Stevie! We were just talking about you," exclaimed the voluble Dianthe.

"I consider myself a lucky man to have entered the thoughts of two such radiant young ladies," young Dr. Chandler said with an exaggerated bow.

Dianthe giggled in appreciation, and Katherine's lips curved upward. She felt a strong hand thrust through her arm, and he was between them, escorting them with a flourish into the little restaurant.

"I hope that you are hungry, for I'm starved," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, taking it for granted that it was his privilege to feed them.

"A hamburger, please, tomato juice, and milk," said Dianthe promptly to the waiter.

"Just a minute, now. I take you out to dinner for the first time, and what do you embarrass me with? Come now, Susan Carson's dinners demand a better substitute than a hamburger." He masterfully gave his order to the waiter, "Three steaks, please, French fries, and combination salad. We'll start with some of your chicken soup."

It was fun, sitting here with Stephen chatting pleasantly to them. He called Hank and told him that he was bringing Dianthe home, and for him not to bother. And in the meantime, he thought they

might as well make a celebration of this evening and see a play. Katherine's color ran high, and she toyed with the steak, trying to eat it all, and failing miserably. Dianthe and Stephen kept laughing at such silly trifles; she joined them but her laughter trailed far behind theirs. She kept seeing an airliner heading for the East, for Baltimore and Rosalind. It would be Christmas Day with no sight of Stephen, something that would set a new precedent in the Carson household, for he had never missed coming over to see what was on their tree and to take them back for a glimpse of his own.

It was a gala evening, and it was late  
(Continued on page 66)



# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

NOVEMBER, 1943

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1

HOW SENSITIVE IS GOD?  
"BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER"  
READ ISAIAH 65:24-25

AMONG the many inventions of Thomas Alva Edison was one so sensitive that the waving gesture of a hand at a distance of thirty feet would visibly affect it. Commenting on this, a famous preacher remarks: "God is more sensitive to earnest prayer even than that delicate instrument. He is as sensitive as pure thought, and pure thought is the most sensitive thing in the universe." Long before there is any audible expression of desire, He feels the faintest stirrings in the heart of the believer. True religion deals with motives and even the unspoken prayer is heard and answered.

*Lord, Thou readest the heart as an open book and our unspoken thoughts are all known to Thee. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

GOD'S OWN CLIMATE  
"HEAVENLY PLACES IN CHRIST JESUS"  
READ EPHESIANS 2:1-8

SOME years ago the Lick Observatory was built on Mount Hamilton, California. The reason given for its erection on a mountain four thousand feet high was that it might be above fog, dust, smoke or whatever else could obscure the vision. If men are to study the movements of heavenly bodies they must be happily situated for observation. There is a good deal in everyday life which warps the judgment until men and women lose the heart of charity and Christian standards are lost to sight. We are safe only when life is lived on high levels.

*Deliver us, O God, from the blinding power of sin; open our eyes that we may behold wondrous things in Thy law. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3

THE LESSON OF AN OPERATION  
"MANY MEMBERS YET BUT ONE BODY"  
READ I CORINTHIANS 12:12-31

A MAN who underwent an operation on his throat was astonished to find how acutely his eyes pained him during the operation. He asked the specialist why an operation on the throat should

affect the eyes, and the doctor replied in one word—"Sympathy." Between the eyes and the throat, in fact between all organs of the body, there is such a close relationship that pain in one causes annoyance in others. This was the idea expressed by Paul: "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored all the members rejoice with it."

*Lord, may we never be indifferent to the welfare of others; unite us to all who love and serve Thee. Amen.*

### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

THE SUPREME QUALITIES ARE MORAL  
"MARK THE PERFECT MAN"  
READ PSALM 37:34-40

SOMETIMES we hear a man say of another: "Of course he is good, but that isn't much in itself." Thus goodness is dismissed with a half apology. But goodness, faithfulness, trustworthiness, are not to be spoken of in such a deprecatory way. This is just where we ought to be most emphatic. We never speak of Jesus as being clever or brilliant, nor do we ever try to place Him in any group because of intellectual qualifications. Such an estimate would be almost sacrilegious. But we do delight to speak of His goodness. "God in heaven keeps a record," once said Joseph Parker, "and in that record men are rated according to the spiritual qualities they possess."

*Lord, we ask not that Thou wilt keep us safe but that Thou wilt keep us loyal to the holiest and the highest. In Thy Name's sake. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5

TO HIM THAT HATH  
"GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT"  
READ MATTHEW 25:14-30

WHEN the white men first came to this continent one of the things which greatly astonished them was the extraordinary physical powers of the Indians. By putting their ears to the ground the Indians could detect the beat of a horse's hoofs, sometimes more than a mile away. With the naked eye they could discern objects which were not visible to the white men. Living in great open spaces, they had used and developed their natural faculties to a wonderful degree. Faculties grow in power when they are used; they decay and die,

if left unused. The grace of God is given to those who use what they have.

*Lord, suffer us not to stray from Thee, who art the way; nor to rest in any other than Thee who art the life. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6

HOW MEN KNOW HIS DISCIPLES  
"BY THIS SHALL ALL MEN KNOW"  
READ JOHN 13:34-38

THERE is an interesting story told of Doré, the artist. Once when he was crossing the Italian frontier he had mislaid his passport, and was called upon to prove his identity. For a time he suffered a good deal of embarrassment and annoyance. Evidently the men did not believe him when he told them who he was. Then he took a piece of common paper and a piece of charcoal and traced the features of King Victor Emmanuel. The officials knew that only Doré could draw like that and they allowed him to cross the frontier. That was a striking thing that Jesus said: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples."

*Lord, humble us with lowly surrender to Thee and may we sit at Thy feet and learn of Thee. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7

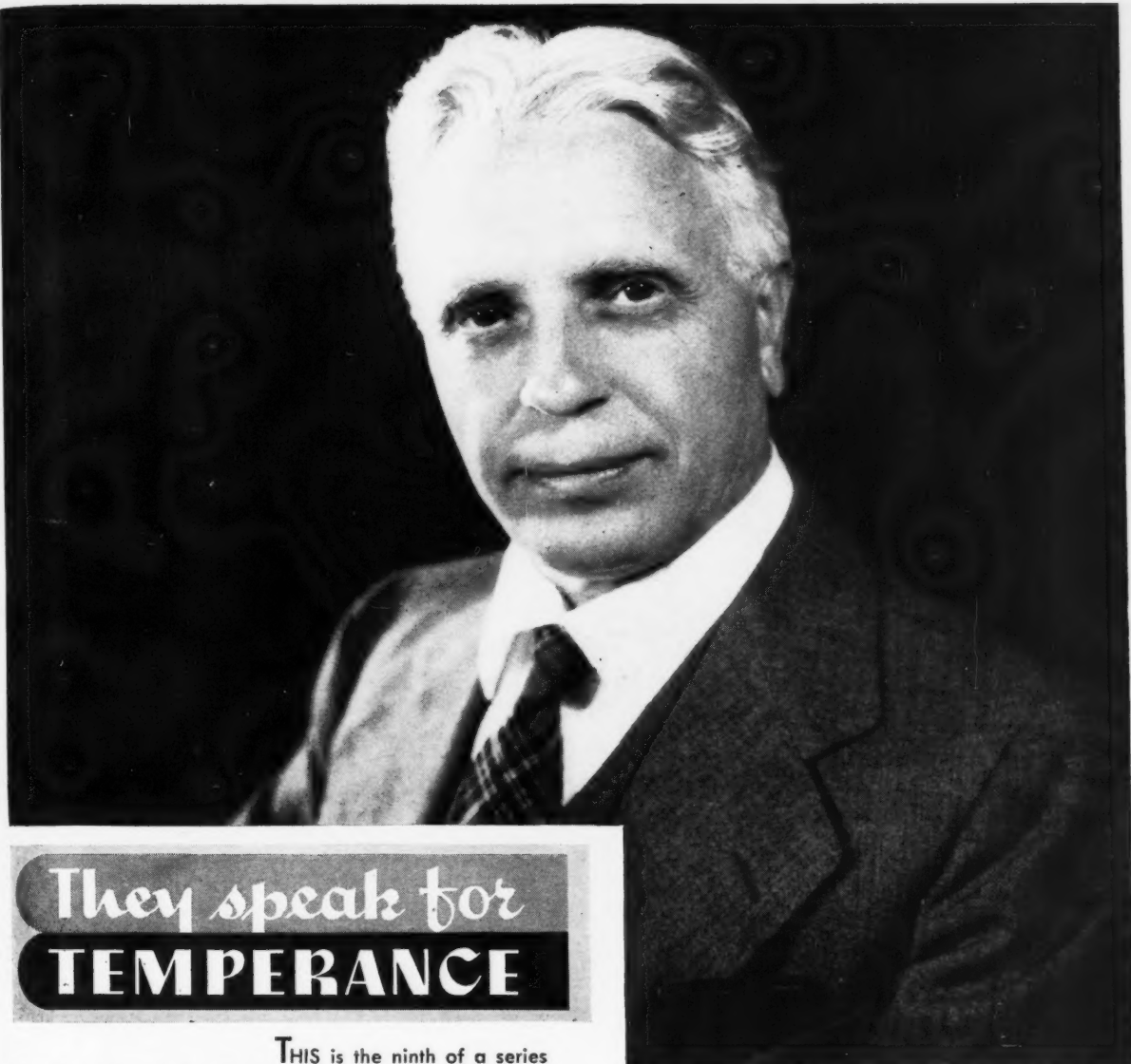
BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE  
"ENDURE CHASTENING"  
READ HEBREWS 12:6-14

MICHELET points out that in hot countries the various insects which attack the wild cattle really save their lives by driving them to the highlands. The herds become feeble and sickly in the swampy, feverish lowlands; then, trembling and bleeding they fly from their stinging persecutors to the fresh air and living waters of the hills, where their persecutors leave them. Thus our sorrows drive us from relaxing and dangerous lagoons to those tablelands where the air is sweet and bracing, and God Himself is sun and moon. Chastisement comes to us in order that life may become deeper, fuller, richer.

*Father, help us to face the duties of each day with courage and to serve Thee unto the end. Amen.*

(Continued on page 45)





## They speak for TEMPERANCE

THIS is the ninth of a series of statements on the liquor question written for *Christian Herald* by twelve outstanding leaders. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of *Christian Herald*.

### *Educator*

**T**EMPERANCE is the expression of self-control, self-discipline, the demonstration of human dignity at its best. Any grown man or woman should be free to make that demonstration unhampered by law. When law tries to put force in place of personal control, the law fails. It succeeds when the great body of the people want what they write into the code—when the law becomes almost unnecessary. Public opinion is the essence of all acceptable law.

Temperance is a matter for each of us to impose upon himself. I believe in the enjoyment of the good things of life, reverently, as befitting the acceptance of gifts from God. Along with the gifts there is always a penalty for their misuse. Too much destroys their enjoyment, and more than too much brings disaster.

Self-control is an adult achievement, but there are always some people who seem unable to grow up. That is no reason

Angelo Patri, noted educator, has been a prominent personality on the air for many years in the presentation of his program for parents which dramatizes lessons dealing with child training.

By ANGELO PATRI



hibition on the great group of self-controlled adults and thus reducing society to the level of the immature and unfit. It is important for the well-being of the country to strengthen the strong for on them rest the burdens of progress.

As for the children and the younger group we call Youth—*no strong drink for them!* The law that forbids the sale of it to minors should be strictly enforced. We should train the children from infancy on to drink plenty of water, plenty of milk, all the fruit juice they can take, but to shun alcoholic stimulants as they would the plague.

As for making laws to control drinking by servicemen, my vote would be No. If wearing their country's uniform is not sufficient to bring out the self-control of servicemen, no law will do it.

A sense of duty is undoubtedly the most effective control imaginable, and I am for depending upon it for our men and women in uniform or out.



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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Truver



NOV.  
7

## THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

READ—EXODUS 20:13; MATTHEW  
5:21-26, 38-45

CHEAP LIFE is on the bargain counter of the world today. Gentle folks read with dulled comprehension of mass bombings, casualties numbered in the tens of thousands, famines, ship sinkings, executions and the unending list of the devastations of war. Even in peacetime, losses in life on our highways, in industry and as a result of crime reached staggering totals. To God no life is cheap. In the very heart of His ten rules for living is the law, "Thou shalt not kill." All plans must wait for a just and durable peace until the world accepts the values God has placed upon human life. How His fatherly heart must break as He looks down upon the blood and tears of a world at war, His children totally engaged in the tragic business of mutual extermination.

"I say unto you" was Jesus' usual introduction to the new laws of His kingdom. He did not repudiate the old, but enlarged their meaning. He did not make them easier but rather, he made them more difficult. How true this is of the law against killing. The rabbis did not go back of the deed to the intention. But Jesus did just that. He found hate to be the mother of murder. He barred the angry man from the altar of worship and forbade our thoughts of vengeance to the citizens of His kingdom. He knew that when thoughts of hate fill a man's mind he has no mind for God or his brother man.

Not the law of the jungle with its life-for-a-life standard but the law of love rules the Christian. Calls for vengeance on our enemies, stories of their atrocities, proposals for the extermination of races and bloody retribution for their crimes, all these are anarchy against the law and order of God's universe. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Punishments for the guilty must be just but not vengeful. The principle of forgiveness has not been repealed. Indeed the "second mile" spirit of Jesus is the only insurance against the rise of dictators and the coming of new wars. Some day, perhaps, our world will be willing to try it.

THERE IS AN EVANGELISTIC purpose in all God's laws for living. Anger and hate defeat this purpose. We are called to be winsome because God plans on winning the world through us. "Old Bust-me-up" they called an ugly, cumbersome, powerful tugboat working in one of our Eastern harbors. It was always bumping into wharfs and boats till it had become a menace to the shipping in the harbor. Then one day "Old Bust-me-up" turned over a new leaf and used her great power and

sturdy frame to bring order out of the confused tangle of ships. The harbor-men said "What has happened to Old Bust-me-up?" There was a good reason: a new captain had taken over.

Life mastered by Christ will stop running amuck and find its helpful place. Gusts of passion and lust for vengeance must give place to the love of peace and the joy of forgiveness. The sacredness of human life must be basic to our thinking, changing "Thou shalt not kill" to "Thou shalt keep alive." Then God can use us as kingdom-builders. His spirit is waiting to fill our hearts when we empty them of all that does not harmonize with His law of love.

### Questions:

*How has industry violated the spirit of this commandment? Have we held personality to be as valuable as property?*

*Is hate really equal to murder? Do we really believe Christ's warning with regard to anger?*

*Murder is an unsocial act. Are all unsocial acts sinful?*

*Do you justify the taking of life by the state in punishment of crime or in war?*

*Is the careless disregard of human life covered by this commandment?*

NOV.  
14

## THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME

READ—EXODUS 20:14; MATTHEW  
5:27-30; MARK 10:2-12

THERE ARE PECULIAR handicaps to wholesome home life in 1943. Parents and children have more and more reasons for being away from their homes. Their schedules differ so much that often no single meal in the day finds all the family present. Homes have become combination dormitories-cafeterias. Members of the family may have only a passing glance at each other and have little opportunity to become really acquainted. A deep gulf of misunderstanding grows between parents and children. The facts of life come to the children from less reliable sources than their parents. Yet we cannot shift responsibility by reason of our changing life situations. The sanctity of our homes is God's principle for peaceful and happy living. No alibi can lower this standard.

It is human passion rather than difficult situations that most often menaces the sanctity of the home. It is undisciplined desires. Marriage is too often built upon physical attraction alone. A conspiracy of many powerful influences creates the impression that love is another name for the mating instinct. Screen, magazine and radio all present distorted pictures of courtship and marriage. Married life is all romance and no realities, the butt of jokes

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and the subject of our lightest conversation. No wonder untold thousands of our young folks enter into the solemn pledges of marriage without understanding their truer meanings. A home built on nothing more than physical attraction is founded on the sand. Sooner or later the ardor of physical love will cool unless there is a spiritual union based on common interests and blessed by a common faith.

The family is God's ideal for human relationships. It requires godly men and women to realize His ideal. Cleanness of thought and action mark the Christian home. Dr. George A. Gordon, in his usual vivid phrase, once remarked that "Even the archangel Michael could not play a decent tune on a cheap tin whistle." Neither can God bring sweet harmony into a home where ideals are cheap and sordid. Remember the advertisement of the clothier: "Slightly soiled clothes—cheap!" Slightly unclean thinking, brief ventures into seemingly innocent flirtations, dangerous experiments in the use of alcohol, selfish interpretations of the right to happiness—all these throw the shadow of divorce upon the family. Physical attraction must be present in the happy home, certainly, but it must be physical attraction plus understanding, sympathy, usefulness, common interests and God.

LOOK AGAIN UPON a familiar scene: a dinner table, with all the family seated about it. There is one vacant chair and back of it stands the shadowy presence of the unseen guest, our Lord. Here is the key to happiness in the home. His presence realized will sanctify everything. Within the last two years my parents have both gone home to heaven, there to continue. I believe with all my heart, a happy companionship of over half a century. Never a night that they did not kneel together in prayer. Never a meal eaten unblest. Time was found for singing together the old gospel hymns they loved. Church and missions and things of the Kingdom were topics of interest and conversation in the home. The church papers, including, of course, CHRISTIAN HERALD, were not only present on the library table, but eagerly read. The inheritance of such a home is wealth indeed. The purpose of God for your home goes far beyond the negative command of Moses, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," to the positive ideal of Jesus; the home where Jesus can be "at home."

#### Questions:

What has Christianity done to make happy home life possible?

What influences are at work in your community to menace home life? Anything to be done about them?

What is the responsibility of the Church in preparing young folks for marriage and in helping them preserve their home life?

List the pre-requisites to a happy marriage. (Interests, health, etc.)

NOV.

21

#### HONESTY IN ALL THINGS

READ—EXODUS 20:15; LEVITICUS 19:11, 13; LUKE 19:1-10, 45, 46

ABRAHAM LINCOLN served for a time as postmaster in connection with his dispatch. (Continued on page 44)

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"Sure I'm back. And the rest of the squadron came through, too. The Japs shot up everything but the anchor . . . but here I am . . . back in time for church."

And true enough, too. Joe has been a regular church-goer ever since he came aboard. He liked the ship's chaplain . . . liked his ideas, too, and found he had the answers to a lot of his problems . . .

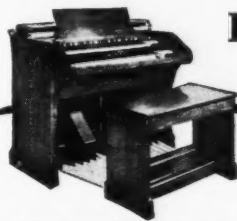
★ ★ ★

Religious services aboard an aircraft carrier? Of course! Wherever our fighting sons go—their chaplains go with them. These chaplains . . . vigorous, able men, chosen as born leaders and intensively trained for their rigorous duties . . . form a part of our every fighting force. Our men in service have found they always can look to their chaplains for a guiding and helping hand, as pastor, adviser and friend.

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the help of real organ music. A number of Hammond Organs are aboard our fighting ships—aircraft carriers, battleships and others. They are among the over one thousand Hammonds now serving our army, navy and marine corps at their camps and bases.

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A cranberry rake, a few burnished apples, two small and filling dishes for cranberry relish . . . and you have a bright centerpiece for the Thanksgiving table.

# Bright with CRANBERRIES

By Esther Foley

**T**HE turkey may be missing, the fowl for the November feast day may be capon, roasted or fricasseed chicken, or your particular section of the country might find only roasting pork in the market. It is all one to the cranberry. These red beads will make the table bright and the food more tempting.

Nutmeats will be a bit more scarce, and the Brazil nut will be almost entirely out of the market, because in South America, harvesters are gathering rubber instead. No matter—make the table bright with cranberries.

If the pies must be small because of fat shortage and because you must cook your own pumpkin and make mincemeat with little meat, no matter—make the table bright with cranberries.

Our turkeys this year have either gone abroad or gone to the camps in this country. It is Army regulation that our boys be fed turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and all regulations are respected in so far as possible. All food shortages are connected in one way or another with the war. But our national feast table can still look attractive, the food will still fill the guests to repletion. It is the

variety, the frills and the richness that will be cut way down. It is really no matter; it is the heart which feasts.

Cranberries will not be too plentiful. Again the Government has taken a great deal to deck out the turkeys. But November is the height of the season, and there is every reason to suppose that when you want the berries, they will be there, in the market.

Relishes of all colors and blends can be made—cooked or uncooked, sauce or jelly. Try a new and different recipe this year.

## CRANBERRY FRUIT SAUCE

2 cups sugar	1 two-inch cinnamon stick
1½ cups water	Grated rind 1 orange
4 cups fresh cranberries	Grated rind 1 lemon
2 peeled apples, sliced thin	

Combine sugar and water, bring to boiling point and add remaining ingredients. Cook slowly, without stirring, until cranberry skins pop open and apple slices are clear—10 to 15 minutes. Cool sauce in cooking dish. Makes one quart.

## CRANBERRY QUICKIES FROM LEFT-OVER SAUCE

1. For a quick and different dessert,



Let gelatin both set and stretch the pumpkin-pie filling . . . for economy and taste.



Turkey for Thanksgiving? Lucky you. But to any holiday roast, spiced cranberries give color and fragrance.

prepare muffins from your favorite mix, split while hot and cover with Cranberry Fruit Sauce. Serve warm.

2. Freeze Cranberry Fruit Sauce in icetrays until mushy. Spoon into sherbet glasses and serve as an appetizer or simple dessert.

3. A good-to-eat afternoon snack that will more than satisfy home-from-school appetites, is tasty Cranberry Fruit Sauce and lots of bread and butter. Serve it for supper dessert, too.

4. Tops in taste for friends and family: split and toast plain or cinnamon doughnuts and serve with plenty of flavorful Cranberry Fruit Sauce.

## CRANBERRY APPLE RELISH

4 cups fresh cranberries	2 oranges
2 apples, pared and cored	1 lemon
	2½ cups sugar

Put cranberries and apples through food chopper. Quarter whole oranges and lemon, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and blend. Chill in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Makes 1½ quarts relish.

If you are saving sugar (and this can

be done in any cranberry recipe) substitute one of these:  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups corn syrup (dark or white); or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups maple syrup; or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar and  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup honey.

#### CRANBERRY QUICKIES FROM LEFT-OVER RELISH

1. Serve as a dessert salad. Just heap lightly on crisp lettuce and top with a ball of cream cheese rolled in chopped nuts.

2. Mold relish in prepared fruit gelatin for individual dinner salads or as a relish with meat.

3. It's grand too, with duck, all kinds of poultry and fish.

4. At holidaytime, fill small baked apples with Cranberry Apple Relish and serve around the roast.

#### SPICED CRANBERRIES

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	2 tablespoons lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	Grated rind one lemon
2 two-inch cinnamon sticks	4 cups fresh cranberries
1 teaspoon whole cloves	

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon juice and rind and boil together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly, without stirring, until all the skins pop open. Chill to serve. Makes one quart.



COURTESY NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.

If the pumpkin-pie filling is scant, garnish it with whipped evaporated milk.

#### CRANBERRY QUICKIES FROM LEFT-OVER SPICED BERRIES

1. Like to make waffles as a party snack? Be different and serve with warmed Spiced Cranberries; good as a filling for rolled pancakes, too.

2. Top off a bland gelatin dessert with a spoonful of Spiced Cranberries. You'll like the things it does to flavor.

3. Hash and a bowl of Spiced Cranberries! Just add a crisp salad for the perfect "quickie" supper.

#### MOLDED, STRAINED CRANBERRY SAUCE

4 cups fresh cranberries	2 cups water
	2 cups sugar

Cook cranberries in water until all the skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve, add sugar and blend. Boil rapidly for about 3 minutes. Skim and pour into one large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Makes one quart molded sauce.

(Continued on page 51)

# Absent-minded

How, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this . . . when you feel all in?

That's strange talk . . . coming from you! You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Uncle Sam . . . first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'd stay on the job.

And now you're telling yourself that girls are different . . . and that one little layoff day won't matter. When you know that if it weren't for stay-at-homes, scores more ships . . . tanks . . . bombers would reach our boys!

That's how important it is to learn that loyalty never watches the clock . . . or the calendar! As Marge, your welder friend, said in the locker room—"When a girl takes over a man's work, it's up to her to see it through!"

And then didn't she say—"Trouble is, some girls still don't know what a big difference real comfort can make. The kind you get from Kotex sanitary napkins." Could be . . . she meant you!

## Get Up and GO!

If millions can keep going in comfort every day, so can you! You'll understand why, when you discover that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . ever so different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. (None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure!)

And to keep your secret strictly private . . . to give you confidence and poise . . . Kotex has flat pressed ends that don't show, because they're not stubby. Then, there's a special 4-ply safety center for added protection. So . . . it's not surprising that more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together! Don't you agree?

Then c'mon . . . hop into those victory togs and help your plant win that precious "E"! You'll deserve an "E" of your own . . . for being an "Everyday"!

## Keep going in comfort-with Kotex!

WHY WONDER about what to do and not to do on "Difficult" days? The bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another" gives you all the angles on activities, grooming, social contacts. Get your copy quick! It's FREE! Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. CH-11, Chicago.



You can't be too careful! Fortunately there is a sure way to avoid offending. Just sprinkle QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, on your sanitary pad! Created expressly for this use, QUEST destroys odors completely—without retarding napkin absorbency.



(\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 41)

pointing venture at keeping store. Later the post office was discontinued and a postal inspector came to see him about a small balance due the government. A shade of perplexity came over Lincoln's face, then he went to an old tin trunk and rummaging about among a collection of more or less valuable possessions, found a package wrapped in brown paper and marked with the words "U. S. Government." In it was the exact amount due the account. The remark of Honest Abe is worth recording, "I never have used anybody's money but my own." On another occasion he walked six miles after store closing to return to a poor woman a few cents that he had overcharged her. Such matters are not petty to a truly honest man.

"Don't stop to tie your shoe in another man's melon-patch," runs the proverb. Better be over-scrupulous than run the risk of losing your reputation for honesty. Recently a young pastor was charged with failure to turn over benevolent gifts handed him for his church. Our advice to him was to keep such funds apart from his own and to make sure his treasurer sent a receipt for each sum turned over to him. We also suggested that he follow a long established habit of ours, to reserve a pocket in which only money received for others is kept. Handling money that belongs to others is a responsibility that tests our manhood before God. The greatest help to scrupulous honesty is the realization of God's presence. Recall the young clerk measuring goods for a customer while his master was out. "You could give me a little longer measure since the master is out," said the tempter. "My master is never out," was a good answer for the moment and for all of life. If we count out the change, or make entries in our ledgers, or mark the price on our goods, with a thought to His presence, we will be neither crooked nor careless.

Queer characters Jesus found for His train. None queerer than the little tax-gatherer, Zaccheus, whom Jesus discovered up a tree. There was little about him to commend him to Jesus. A tax-gatherer meant both graft and treason to a patriotic Jew. Zaccheus was smart, crafty, and had an easy conscience about money matters. Jesus reformed him and caught his heart in a new loyalty. Zaccheus then proceeded to make restitution, to become an honest man. When the love of Christ possesses a man's heart, honesty in all things must follow.

HONESTY IN GOD'S MIND is more than cold justice. The opponents of Jesus were willing to hew to the line of justice, but demanded their pound of flesh for going beyond. It must have shocked them no end when Jesus advised, "... say, we are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." (Luke 17:10). Christianity's "exceeding righteousness" expands all the commandments far beyond the letter of the law. The Christian must be hard with himself but forgiving with others, willing to be wronged rather than to wrong, neighborly, charitable, unselfish, Christlike. High ideals Jesus made of the ten laws of Moses, ideals to test the best of us.

## Questions:

How do you regard the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy?"

Is it as dishonest to be careless as to be crooked?

Is it honest to evade any responsibility toward your state and nation?

NOV.  
28

TRUTHFULNESS AT  
ALL TIMES

READ—EXODUS 20:16, 23:1, 7; MAT.  
THEW 5:33-37; JOHN 8:42-45

STABLE SOCIETY depends on the truthfulness of its members. God knew that men could not live together in harmony unless there was mutual confidence. "False witness" or any other lying destroys mutual confidence. Nations that tear up treaties with a sneer about "scraps of paper" menace the peace of the world. Men who make business agreements and forget them conveniently, when it appears profitable, menace the whole credit structure of business. Neighbors who lie, even social lies, are a promise of ill will in the community. If Israel was to become a strong, united nation, it must learn to speak the truth.

Gossip is mean, devilish. Notice in our passage from John 8:42-45 that Jesus seems to confuse two ideas—murder and lying. He indicts the devil as a murderer in the same passage where he is naming him the father of lies. But this is no confusion. Murder is more often committed with the tongue than with knife or gun. We become accessories to murder when we repeat malignant gossip. A "Trace-it-back" Society was organized in one church group when gossip was becoming a community problem. The members made it their business to run down gossip to its source. When you gossip you are in bad company, the worst of company, helping to stir the devil's own brew. Remember that lying witnesses helped to send Jesus to the Cross.

"Characters," we name the letters of the alphabet and each of them symbolizes a certain definite sound. Our characters symbolize what we really are. If truth is enshrined in our hearts our characters will be true. The colored preacher may have tangled his phrases a bit but he was on the right track when he said, "Be what you is and not what you ain't," 'cause if you ain't what you is, you is what you ain't." Most of the enemies of Jesus were hypocrites, actors. They made life a drama, they never forgot that they were on a stage, they played pious roles for the applause of the people. Jesus punctured their ballooning self-esteem by exposing their greed and pride. They lived a lie and God cannot build a kingdom of love with liars.

THE SPIRIT of the ten commandments was incarnated in Christ. He is the standard for truth telling. He is the Truth. "You can't be a carpenter until you have respect for a straight line," said a carpenter to his apprentice. Neither can you be a Christian unless you respect the straightness that is in Christ. We ease our consciences far too readily when Christ-likeness begins to cost. We say, "I would have lost money, or respect, or a friend or promotion, if I had told the truth." Could a lie have been wrung from the lips of Jesus by threat or torture? The Cross is the answer. Will you follow in His train?

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# DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 38)

## MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8

### THE SUFFERING SERVANTS OF GOD

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH"

READ HEBREWS 11:32-40

A SKEPTIC once asked: "Why does God not take better care of His servants?" That man had a case, even if we disagree with him. Jeremiah was sawn asunder, John the Baptist was beheaded. Peter and Paul were put to death and tens of thousands suffered similar fates. It would require a vast library to list only the names of devout men and women who have suffered and died for their faith. Why does God permit it? He alone knows but we are content to await His explanation. We do know that:

*It is the way the Master went,  
Should not the servant tread it still?*

*Lord, Thou art to be found by those  
who truly seek Thee; known by those  
whose hearts are pure. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

### THE MEN WHO ASKED QUESTIONS

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

READ JOHN 18:28-40

SOME questions were asked Jesus out of mere curiosity, and to answer them would not have served any practical purpose. Even the disciples on several occasions asked questions which Jesus made no attempt to answer. These were simply prompted by a morbid desire to understand the future, as many people today are constantly seeking to understand the significance of events and to make forecasts of the future. Then there were others who came to Jesus asking questions that "they might entangle Him in His talk." The spirit of inquiry is in itself good, and should be encouraged, but insincere and frivolous questions reveal the darkened mind and life.

*Lord we bless Thee because Thou dost  
not lose patience with us nor despise us  
because of our ignorance. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10

### THE DIFFERENCE HE MAKES

"LEAPING AND PRAISING GOD"

READ ACTS 3:1-9

THERE is a village on the Congo in Africa which was once supposed to be the haunt of evil spirits, and for many miles around it had an unenviable reputation. The people were sunk in ignorance and superstition. Then, as a result of missionary activity, it became a Christian village, and there was a complete transformation. No longer did men speak of it with bated breath and seek to avoid it. And the name of the village was changed to "Joy Town," for the natives say it is a place of joy because Christ dwells there. The heart wherein Christ dwells has peace, joy and abiding satisfaction.

*Lord, restore unto us the joy of Thy  
salvation and take not Thy holy spirit  
from us. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11

### DESTRUCTION TO CONSTRUCTION

"SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES"

READ MICAH 3

AT THE close of the First World War a British firm purchased thousands of tons of broken shells and other metals and had them recast. Metal which had been used to kill was now used for peacetime industries. In some cases church bells were manufactured from metal which had been shell cases. That thought the prophet Micah had in mind long ago. His idea of peace was not rusted and discarded swords but swords converted into plowshares. What we hope and pray for this Armistice Day is that the enterprise and magnificent enthusiasm now in military efforts shall be turned into peaceful channels. God speed the day.

*Almighty God, we pray that Thy  
kingdom may come and that Thy will  
may be established throughout the  
world. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12

### A FIFTH COLUMNIST

"BE NOT ANXIOUS"

READ MATTHEW 6:24-34

A YOUNG man sat for an examination about which he was greatly concerned. It had taken years of hard study to gain what knowledge he had, but so great was his nervousness that when the time did come, and he sat in the examination room, his mind was a blank and he failed. Over-anxiety had not only been useless, but it had been positively harmful, because it unfitted him for the test when it came. What does anxiety do for us? Does it empty tomorrow of its sorrow? We know it does not; but it does empty today of its strength. It does not enable us to escape evil, but it renders us unfit to cope with evil when it comes.

*Lord, we would remember that all  
things are in Thy hands; then shall we  
do our work calmly and patiently.  
Amen.*

## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13

### DORMANT POSSIBILITIES

"THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN"

READ JOB 8

A PARTY of explorers once landed on an island in the frozen North, and accidentally set fire to some stunted vegetation that scantily clothed the uninhabitable place. Probably no fire had burned there for centuries. When the men returned some time later they found scores of silver birch trees growing. The flames had awakened slumbering seeds which had been held in the close grip of the icy cold. There are, likewise, great possibilities slumbering in men's souls that can be awakened by the spirit of God. We should assume that there

*"Great Day  
of God, all glorious;  
Great Day  
of Peace, so blest..."*

—LOUISE R. WAITE

That day of triumphant Peace to come will be a blessed day indeed. Yet, opposed as we are to unscrupulous, mightily armed enemies, we who desire Peace so fervently must nevertheless fight to obtain it.

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is something of God in every man and appeal to that something.

*Father, we thank Thee for all restlessness that drives us to the shelter of Thy bosom. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14

WHAT ENDS THE DISCUSSION?

"WITHOUT CONTROVERSY"

READ I TIMOTHY 5:14-16

WHEN Orville Wright and his brother were experimenting with the airplane, in a field just outside Dayton, Ohio, a group of engineering experts stood near by and discussed the situation. Everything was taken into consideration, and finally the experts agreed that the plane could not possibly fly. At the very moment when that decision was reached, the plane slowly mounted into the air and flew over the field as gracefully as a bird—that ended the discussion. Men wonder if the program of Jesus can be carried out; the answer is that Christ's power has been demonstrated.

*Lord, help us to love that which is worth loving and to dislike whatever is evil in Thy sight. Amen.*

### MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15

THE LANGUAGE OF MANNER

"I BESEECH YOU, BRETHREN"

READ ROMANS 12

PAUL never presented the gospel in a tactless way. "I beseech you," he wrote to Roman Christians. Before his conversion he believed much in coercion; he endeavored to win men to his way of thinking by sheer force. His epistles, however, are, in the main, tender, persuasive, pleading. This Paul learned after he became filled with the spirit of Christ. Jesus wooed men, appealed to them by loving invitation, and drew them to Him by cords of love. We shall be successful in our lives just as we follow this method. There is, what someone has called, a "language of manner," and there are ways of presenting the gospel that repel just as there are other ways which win.

*Lord, we pray that the mind of Jesus may be found in us and that His spirit may rule our lives. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

CONVERSION OF BOYISH ENERGY

"ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES"

READ MATTHEW 18:1-6

WHEN the great Savonarola was preaching in Florence there was a festival during the year known as Carnival Time. The children were permitted to throw stones and do whatever damage they could. It was a stupid custom and a dangerous one, and Savonarola resolved to stop it. But he knew resentment would be stirred up if he simply had a policy of repression; so he resolved that these boys should have plenty of scope for their energy. He suggested that instead of flinging stones they might march through the streets

singing, "Jesus Christ is King," and collect alms for the poor. Their boyish energy was not repressed, it was simply converted to right uses.

*Lord, keep us resolute and steadfast in the things which cannot be moved. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

A QUESTION OF ATMOSPHERE

"GOD IS LOVE"

READ I JOHN 4

A MISSIONARY who spent thirteen years on the Labrador coast, where practically nothing but the hardiest vegetables can grow, took some soil to Canada and had it examined. Analysis showed that it was as rich as the best soil anywhere. The most fertile districts had nothing better. It is not the soil of Labrador which is at fault, but the bleak atmosphere. A long and intensely cold winter makes growth difficult. Spiritual atmosphere is of tremendous importance in the Christian Church. And atmosphere is created by the Spirit of God; there is no substitute for that great essential.

*Lord, we pray not for a fleeting vision of Thyself but that Thou shouldst abide with us until we are called to higher service. Amen.*

### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18

SECRET DISCIPLES

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE"

READ MATTHEW 5:13-16

IN THE biography of a well-known public man, published a few years ago, it was made clear that he had for many years been a secret disciple of Jesus Christ. He had kept a diary, and each evening had written down reflections which showed that he was deeply religious, and earnestly sought to do what was right. A temperament of reserve on religious matters had prevented him from ever saying anything about it in public. The world, however, will not be won for Christ by secret disciples. Courage and avowed consecration are essential. The Kingdom of God grows chiefly through its frank and fearless members.

*Give us grace and wisdom, O God, so to do Thy will that when the night cometh we shall not be ashamed. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19

EDUCATION NOT SUFFICIENT

"KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE"

READ PROVERBS 4

IT USED to be thought that when the standard of education rose, crime would be virtually abolished. Experience has been somewhat discouraging in this respect. The late Dr. Charles Parkhurst said the greatest frauds ever perpetrated in New York City had been done by college-trained men; and now comes the statement from a large United States penitentiary that there are no fewer than two hundred and thirty-five college

graduates within its walls as prisoners. What is wrong with these men? It does seem as if the writer of Proverbs understood life when he said: "With all thy getting, get understanding."

*Lord grant unto us the illumination of Thy spirit without which we walk in darkness and know not whither we go. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20**

**THE APPEAL OF THE AUTHENTIC**  
"AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY"  
READ MATTHEW 7:21-29

**AN EXPERIMENT** was made by scientists in order to find out if insects could be deceived. Flowers were placed in a room, and opposite to them were placed large mirrors in which the flowers were reflected. When the insects were released they went to the real flowers and paid no attention to the reflection. The enduring value of the Bible is based on its appeal to the soul. "All men await a voice from God," says Dinsdale Young, "and they know the authentic voice when they hear it." No doubt that was what those who heard Christ felt: "The people were astonished . . . for He taught them as one having authority."

*Lord, grant that in every perplexity we may hear Thy voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Amen.*

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21**

**HOW THE KINGDOM COMES**  
"THY KINGDOM COME"  
READ MATTHEW 6:1-13

**THE** kingdom of God, for which Jesus taught his disciples to pray, cannot come by force. Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon built up their empires by the sword, and cemented them with blood. From that day to this men have tried that method many times. They have even used fire and sword to try to make the kingdom of God come. Mohammed followed this plan when he gave to men the alternative of Islam or death. The old Saxon and Gothic kings, when they accepted Christianity themselves, compelled their people to be baptized as well. No man is made a member of the kingdom of God by baptizing him or calling him a Christian. The Kingdom of God does not come in that way.

*Lord, we thank Thee because Thou dost draw us to Thyself by the sweet solicitations of Thy Spirit. Amen.*

**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22**

**WHEN WE ARE BORED**  
"SUFFER FOOLS GLADLY"  
READ 2 CORINTHIANS 11:17-27

**NOT** many years ago there died in Glasgow, Scotland, a great preacher in the person of Dr. Ambrose Sheppard. When on his deathbed he said: "I have never been guilty of what are called the grosser sins, but I can see now that I have been lacking in kindness and in sympathy. I have been so taken up

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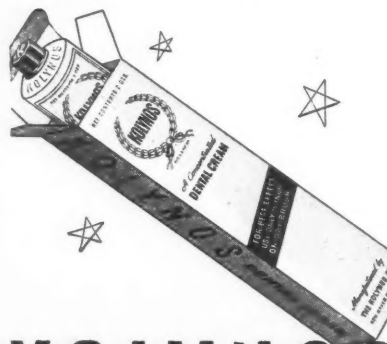


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are a

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**KOLYNOS**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

with the work of preaching and lecturing that I must often have shown impatience and brusqueness where I ought to have been tender and patient." Many of us will have to ask God's forgiveness for our lack of patience and our unwillingness to bear with those who bore us.

*Lord, Thou alone knowest how often we have sinned; in Thy mercy have compassion upon us. Amen.*

**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23**

**SUCH GROUPS AS THESE**  
"THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS"  
READ REVELATION 22:1-7

**RECENTLY** we read a magazine article in which the writer described his emotions as he worshiped in a little church in a New England village. He said: "I realized with the sudden insight of truth that it was the faith of little groups like these, meeting across all the lands of the earth that held the world together. Here was one little piece of the world community which sought to practice the brotherhood of man because they believed in the fatherhood of God. They were people whose faith leaped across the national boundaries of hate and prejudice." To all of which we say, Amen.

*Lord, we bless Thee for the joys of Christian fellowship; for all who have comforted us and inspired us along the way. Amen.*

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24**

**THERE IS NO LIMIT**  
"THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST"  
READ EPHESIANS 3:1-11

**WHEN** the Spaniards first discovered South America they sent word back to the Old Country that they had reached the end of everything. Their friends in Spain believed them and coins were stamped *ne plus ultra*, meaning, "nothing beyond." They believed that nothing more was left to be discovered. Yet within twenty-five years, men had crossed three thousand miles of the South American continent and, standing on its western shores, looked across the wide expanse of the Pacific. Soon new coins were struck with the words, *plus ultra*, "something beyond." We never exhaust the riches of God's grace.

*Lord, Thou dost lead us by strange paths and over untrodden ground but we shall have no fears when Thou art with us. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25**

**LEST WE FORGET**  
"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL"  
READ PSALM 103

**WE ARE** prone to take the gifts of God for granted. This is especially true of people who live in organized communities where water, fuel, bread and a score of other things are brought to every home so that the sense of utter dependence upon God, which our fore-

fathers realized, is almost absent. One of the advantages in having a season set apart for thanksgiving is that it is a reminder of how much we owe to God for His unfailing goodness. The writer of the One Hundred and Third Psalm must have been a humble man, for only the humble are really grateful.

*Father, we thank Thee because Thy hand is ever stretched out to help us and Thy mercies abide for ever. Amen.*

**FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26**

**HOMESICKNESS**  
"THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING PLACE"  
READ PSALM 90

**AMID** much that is discouraging in human nature one enheartening truth remains; there is a deep hunger for God, a longing and a striving which brings men back to God again and again. In the Parable of the Prodigal Son we know that the wayward boy was restless and unhappy in the far land. He returned to his father because he was homesick. Pleasures which at first seemed to offer much, soon paled and failed to satisfy. He was not in his element. He was unhappy and homesick. The hunger of the heart can never be satisfied with the husks of sin.

*Lead us and guide us, O Father, until at last in Thy presence we may find rest forevermore. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27**

**THE MINISTRY OF THE HUMBLE**  
"A COMFORT TO ME"  
READ COLOSSIANS 4

**WHEN** Paul wrote to the Colossians, he asked to be remembered to his friends. As he nears the end of the letter he mentions several by name and then refers to others: "These... have been a comfort to me." These friends of his were evidently humble people, not in the least way distinguished, but they had meant much to Paul and his heart warmed at the memory of them. He had lived a strenuous life and in some ways, a hard life, but the kindness and sympathy of these humble souls had meant a good deal. It is something to remember that this great man was comforted by humble, understanding friends.

*Lord, help us to honor all men; to despise none and to freely give as we have freely received. Amen.*

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28**

**HAPPY AT HOME**  
"COMFORTED OF GOD"  
READ 2 CORINTHIANS 1:1-8

**SOME** years ago a great religious leader was savagely attacked for a stand he had taken on a controversial issue. He was made the target for bitter and venomous press attacks and even some of his friends felt that they could not side with him. Yet he never showed, in his face nor temper, the least sign of

*(Continued on page 50)*

## CHURCH ACOUSTICS

(Continued from page 27)

heard in every seat. In addition, the voice of the preacher is picked up by a microphone in the pulpit, amplified and projected by a loudspeaker concealed in the Gothic decorations above. A pulpit amplifier controls the intensity of the voice. (It is well to remember, however, that sound amplifiers and loudspeakers are, in most cases, to be recommended only for halls seating 3,000 or more.—Ed.)

A typical problem encountered in many churches was found in the beautiful church at Naugatuck, Rhode Island, designed by the late Stanford White. Although the church is comparatively small, great difficulty was experienced in hearing the speaker. The ceiling of the church consists of a single shallow arch, and the walls at either side are plain surfaces without pillars or arches of any kind. The voice in the pulpit in this case encountered the curved face of the ceiling and was reflected by the walls in hopeless confusion. The problem was solved by the simple expedient of decorating the smooth

surface of the ceiling with panels in relief made of sound-absorbing materials. The congregation has no trouble now in hearing its preacher.

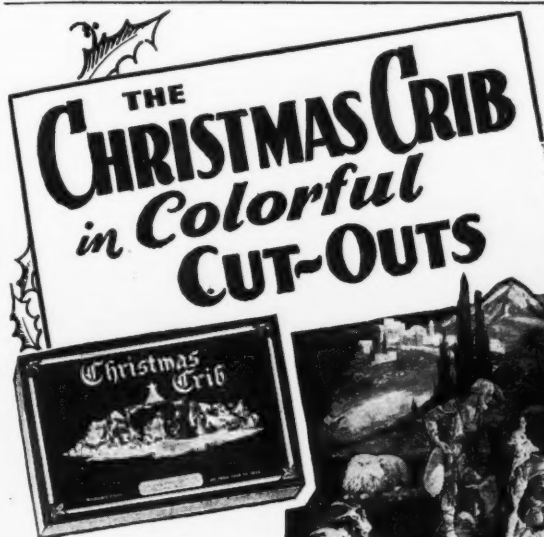
The "whispering galleries" occasionally found in cathedrals and spacious interiors are due to a curious chance behavior of echoes. The distinct repetition of a voice or other sound, often at a considerable distance, is caused by one or more reflections from hard surfaces which chance to be focused at the same point.

The excessive reverberation of the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages exercised a remarkable influence upon the manner of delivery of sermons and services in general as well as upon the church music, which has continued down to our own day. The voice of the preacher in those great interiors is usually reflected back and forth among the pillars and arches until it becomes unintelligible. The clergy of necessity discovered that a uniform, level voice with measured enunciation was much more effective than the oratorical style of delivery. As a result the services were intoned, and with the pass-

ing of time this became the accepted method of delivery.

The acoustic demands of the highly reverberating medieval churches also influenced the composers of church music, and the inspiring strains of much of our sacred music is the result of this effort to adjust it to the baffling echoes. All cathedrals and churches of noble proportions have long reverberation periods due to their size, and to the slight absorbing power of their exposed surfaces. A certain degree of such echo is of course desirable, since it lends to the preacher's voice and the music the impressive note we associate with the word "churchly."

The moral of all this is: *watch your acoustics.* Get a really good architect who understands the problems and the art, and take his word for it when he suggests this or that. Years of grief and ear-straining can be avoided by intelligent planning at the start of your building enterprise; your old church sanctuary can be made the most popular sanctuary in town by an inexpensive recovering of bad wall surfaces or ceilings. It pays big dividends!



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### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 48)

irritation. Actually he seemed to grow in serenity and strength. To a friend, who expressed amazement that he could carry on and be cheerful under such assaults, this man replied, "I'm very happy at home."

*Lord, bless our homes and may they be little sanctuaries hallowed by Thy presence. Amen.*

**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29**

**THE SOUL'S GREAT MOMENT**

"HE HAD GREAT POSSESSIONS"

READ MARK 10:17-27

THERE is a very well-known picture, "Diana or Christ?" which shows a maiden before a Roman official in a great amphitheater. She is a Christian girl, and he is offering her life if she will but sacrifice a grain or two of incense to the goddess. The picture has a dramatic appeal because of the intent, curious crowd of Roman officials and others gathered around. There is a sense in which each soul makes its own deliberate choice, and while the issues do not seem to be so decisive as in that scene, yet in reality they are so.

*Reveal to us, O God, how cheap and tawdry are the allurements of sin and short-lived the pleasures of iniquity.*

**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30**

**LONG VIEWS OF LIFE**

"WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE  
TO PLEASE HIM"

READ HEBREWS 11:1-16

DR. C. L. GOODELL writes: "When Paul bade good-by to Demas, Demas went to the purple vineyards of Macedonia. Paul turned to the cold, damp prison and a little later to his martyrdom at the block." To those who take a short view, Demas may have seemed prudent. After twenty centuries we know that Demas took the wrong turn, and went the wrong way. Religion enables us to take long views of life. We know that life must not be lived for any fleeting moment.

*Lord, help us to remember that the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal.*

### ANSWERS TO

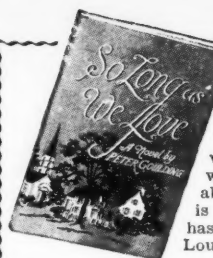
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE?"

(See page 33)

1. Two.
2. Hebrews.
3. It is the hill in Jerusalem on which the temple was built.
4. Tabitha. (Acts 9:36)
5. The feast of unleavened bread (Exodus 12:17-20)
6. Seth. (Genesis 4:25)
7. Pilate. (John 18:38)
8. David. (Psalm 55:6)
9. New wine. Lest the bottles burst. (Matt. 9:17)
10. Trumpets, empty pitchers and lamps. (Judges 7:16)

CHRISTIAN HERALD NOV. 1943 • PAGE 50

### NOW READY



So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable and no man is useless while he has a friend. Robert Louis Stevenson.

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## BRIGHT WITH CRANBERRIES

(Continued from page 43)

### CRANBERRY QUICKIES FROM LEFT-OVER SAUCE

1. Cut molded Cranberry Sauce into slices and serve as the base of cottage cheese and fruit salad. It's colorful, healthful and full of flavor.

2. Serve a good-sized square of molded Cranberry Sauce with any main dish to pick up finicky appetites.

3. Like molded desserts? Fill center of Cranberry Sauce mold with orange and grapefruit slices, sprinkle with chopped nuts. A good idea for that next buffet supper.

4. Prepare lime gelatin, chill and cube. Cube molded Cranberry Sauce and arrange alternate layers in tall sherbet glasses. Top with a few fresh orange segments.

### NOVEMBER CHURCH SUPPER

Hot Biscuits with Creamed Chicken  
Buttered Carrots  
Cranberry Apple Relish  
Pumpkin Chiffon Pie or  
Blanche Southern's Cake  
Coffee

Blanche Southern of Greenville, S. C. sent in a recipe for Chocolate Cream Roll to serve 50 people, and because chocolate is no longer scarce in our markets, and since the filling calls for milk, not cream, we give that recipe here.

### CHOCOLATE CREAM ROLL

16 egg whites	12 tablespoons cold
1 teaspoon salt	water
4 cups sugar	4 cups sifted cake flour
16 egg yolks	8 teaspoons baking
4 teaspoons vanilla	powder
4 teaspoons lemon	powdered sugar
juice	

Add the salt to the egg whites and beat until foamy. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the sugar gradually, beating to a meringue in which peaks will stand up when a spoon is lifted from them. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the remaining sugar and beat until thick and fluffy. Add the flavoring and cold water and mix well. Fold in flour and baking powder which have been sifted together.

Push the meringue to one side of the bowl and put the fluffy yellow batter beside it, then fold the two mixtures together carefully. Pour into 2 shallow trays (13" x 16") lined with waxed paper well greased. Bake in a fully pre-heated oven at 350 degrees F. about 10 minutes. When done turn out onto a cloth sprinkled with sifted powdered sugar. Remove the waxed paper. Trim off the crisp edges of the cake with scissors. Spread with cream filling. Roll and pin the cloth to hold the roll until cold.

### CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING

4 cups sugar	8 cups milk
1 cup cornstarch	8 squares chocolate,
1 teaspoon salt	melted
8 eggs	4 tablespoons butter
	4 teaspoons vanilla

Sift the dry ingredients together; add the well-beaten eggs and mix well; add the milk gradually to make a smooth paste, stir and cook until thickened and thoroughly done. Remove from the fire, add the melted chocolate and the butter; beat thoroughly; let cool slightly and add the vanilla. Cook the filling first and hold it at room temperature.

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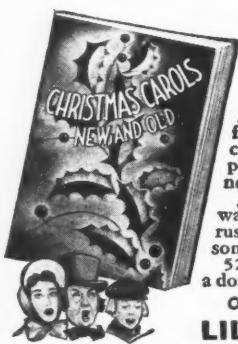
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## GRASSROOTS IN MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 14)

and whirr of the endless Avenue traffic beyond the doors, but it seemed somehow like the sound of the whirring of angels' wings coming over us. We forgot the huge congregation, the church, the Avenue. Everyone there was all alone with God.

Could this be happening—on Fifth Avenue? In the citadel of culture, in the metropolis where the intelligentsia held sway? This place had the atmosphere of a Methodist prayer-service, of a Quaker meeting-house. It was crowded with those New Yorkers you'd expect to find in the movies on Sunday, not in church. Didn't one expect awesome dignity here, the air of the millionaire, the cold reserve of the well-placed? Was this cynical, blasé, mammonish Manhattan?

I looked down on the heads of the congregation. Down on rich, poor, high, low. Down on New York dowager and sailor-boy from California and shopgirl from Hackensack. They seemed all one, all made one by this prayer, all one with the same hopes, fears, aspirations, desires, triumphs, defeats. They came, I knew, from everywhere. A scant thirty percent of them live permanently within a radius of one mile of the church; the rest are transients, travelers, tourists, defense workers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, thieves—from everywhere. Folks from Oshkosh, Oakland, Bangor, Altoona, Steubenville, Hickory Tree, Midvale, Long Valley. These are your New Yorkers; precious few of us were born here. We are a cross-section of America, all hunting in the churches for pretty much the same thing. We are grass-roots folks hunting for a grass-roots faith, a faith that gets down to the real business of living, that doesn't glitter and glow like most of the people and buildings along Sleek Street, and then fade and die in the first strong wind that comes along.

The boy next to me shared his hymn-book and whispered, "I'm from a little town near Pittsburgh. I come here because it's the most down-to-earth religion I've been able to find in New York. It's like home, if you know what I mean." He sat quite still all through the sermon. The preacher preached on "The Church Has the Answer." He talked the language of Oshkosh and Long Valley and Steubenville. He said something about church gossips being a pestilence, and they laughed; they all had a church gossip back home. He spoke of people—the common "little" people of London and Manhattan and Long Valley—who were half-defeated and tired, and they knew what he meant. We're all like that. This was a congregation of "rich young rulers," all with one great lack or another. We're all like that.

The sermon was aimed straight at the lack. What we needed, said Preacher Peale, wasn't forgetfulness in the movies or in drugstore fiction or in a bottle; what we all needed was God. As grass-roots and fundamental as that. He wasn't very academic; he didn't use big Sleek Street words. He never once mentioned Freud or John Dewey or Hitler or the Russian situation or what was liable to take place around the peace table. He rolled no Greek words on his tongue to convince

his hearers that he was indeed a scholar in Greek. He made no attempt to reconcile Christianity with the latest fad in chemistry or psychology or ethnology. He didn't try to make God intellectually respectable; he let God stand on His own feet. He wasn't preaching to the intellectuals, but to folks. About God.

He talked about human needs and frustration and defeat; about the little un-Godly anti-Godly pestilences that stalk Fifth Avenue and Main Street. And he spoke of common things: a baby watching the flight of a bird across the sky, of how good it is for city folks to go out and dig their fingers down deep in the soil of some open field or forest. Of how good it is for folks to go home from church and read their New Testaments, and find there the antidote for fear and frustration and defeat, and of entering into the Secret Place of the Most High that the Psalmist talked about. He read a V-mail letter from a soldier out of those very pews, a soldier who sat in the dark hold of a transport in the middle of the Atlantic gripping a New Testament in his hand, and every soul in the audience who knew a soldier knew what the preacher was talking about. They always know what he's talking about; he gets down where they live, and they love it. They pack his church. I went to a Good Friday service and got there twenty minutes early and had to stand up while he preached on Sin! Sin, on Good Friday, on Fifth Avenue. It was good, unhealthy old-fashioned sin, and they all knew what he was talking about.

New York loves it. For New York, in its great heart, wants exactly what you want, you who live along the Main Streets of ten thousand little American towns. You want release, security, the feel of the Everlasting Arms, a new confidence in a God and a Christ at the heart of things. Any church and any preacher offering that in good plain intelligent language will get crowds. Lacking it, they will get what too many New York churches are getting: pews half empty at every service.

There's nothing particularly new about it. Marble Collegiate has had a brilliant succession of preachers who have made their church famous across the land for this evangelical and down-to-earth preaching. In our own time, across the last fifty-odd years, they have had David James Burrell, Daniel A. Poling (who Dr. Peale says he would like to have as his pastor) and now Norman Vincent Peale. It is interesting that this evangelical preaching has made their church not only well known beyond Manhattan, but consistently successful in Manhattan.

Of course, there is more than sermonizing here; there is the usual well-rounded week-day program. And there is the Psychiatric Clinic holding forth five days a week in the pastor's study. An average of six people a day, a total of some 1500 a year, take advantage of this clinic. Peale uses it to clinch the nail he drives in with his sermon on Sunday; it is a little startling to find him using an ultra-modern science to aid and abet and put into practice his Gospel preaching.

Don't let that word "psychiatric" bother you. Psychiatry has to do with the upsets of the mind—and heart and soul. It deals with mental and spiritual tensions

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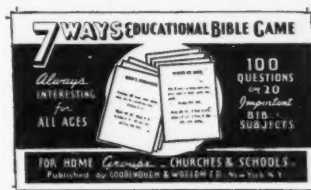
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and frustrations and confusions. It's a science. Dr. Peale says it is a science made to order for the preacher.

He lays no claim to being a psychiatrist himself; he is a preacher, a minister, a counsellor in the things of the Spirit, and no more. That's why, when he organized the Clinic, he went to Dr. Smiley Blanton, one of the recognized psychiatrists of New York City, and asked him to become a partner in the enterprise. He sold Blanton on the idea that a minister and a psychiatrist, working together, could lift the living and restore the faith of countless people who were plagued by pestilences in the darkness. The partnership became a fact; it works beautifully.

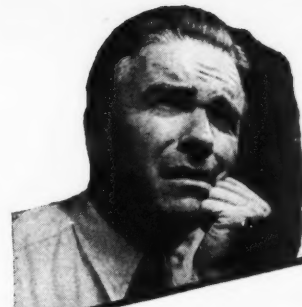
A man who needs help, a man with the deep tracks of worry or fear across his face, comes into Dr. Peale's study; the minister sees at once that this is a case not for a minister but for a psychiatrist; he sends the man to Dr. Blanton's office. It may be that Dr. Peale will never see the man again. Or vice versa: a man comes to Dr. Blanton's office, and the doctor sees at once that it is a case not for a psychiatrist but for a minister; he is sent uptown to Marble Collegiate with a note that reads: "Dr. Peale: what this man needs is *conversion!*" He has said to the man, "You go up to Dr. Peale, tell him all about it, and do whatever he tells you to do. Don't come back here. You don't need me. You need God."

He sends men to the preacher with bewildering frequency; there is a startling majority of Blanton's visitors who hear him say, "Only God can straighten you out." These are not mental cases; they are not cranks or hypochondriacs; they are normal people, even as you and I, with normal problems, even as we have, every one of us. The hotel manager was typical; he was one of the most successful hotel managers in New York, and he burst out to Dr. Peale:

"It's the incompleteness of my life that bothers me. I'm missing something, leaving something out of my living that would make it really worth while. If I were sick in my body I'd go to an M.D. and get a prescription. I'm sick in my soul and I'm asking you, now, to give me a prescription. Don't tell me what's wrong; *tell me how to cure what's wrong.*"

Aye, there's the rub. It's easy to preach about what's wrong with men and the world; where most of us fall down is in writing the prescription, in supplying a workable method or technique or medicine that will cure what's wrong. Said Peale to the hotel man: "All right. Here's your prescription. When you first get up in the morning, stand still with God and say, 'Now, God, this day is in Your hands. Take it and use it. I'll do the best I can with what I have, but I'll need You. I'll need You to guide me. Walk with me, think with me, please.' Along about noon, get everybody out of your office and quiet down and talk to Him again: 'Lord, we're halfway through the day. I've made some mistakes this morning and I'll probably make some more this afternoon, but I won't make so many if You're there with me.' Try it again at night. Relax and be still and know that He is God, and that He's there with you. Take that three times a day and come back and see me in two weeks."

**CHRISTIAN HERALD NOV. 1943 • PAGE 54**



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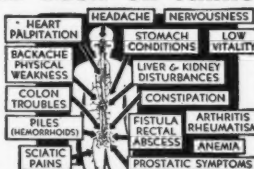
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God and the hotel man have made out pretty well; he's a new man now, with his heels hitting the pavement in a new way. It worked, with him. It works with most of those who come through the portals of the Clinic. And why not? Has God ever failed when He got half a chance at a man? Has man ever failed when he really faced up to the fact that without God he could do nothing? Could either ever fail, with this system of faith plus science? Theory on Sunday, practice on Monday: that does it.

I suppose there are some failures in this Clinic. Why not? Even Jesus found it hard to help some people who just wouldn't be helped, who wouldn't go the whole way to meet Him in the Secret Place. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; the real testing-ground here is in the hearts of those who really make the effort to combine the science of Christian faith (and Christian faith, says Peale, is a science, and nothing more nor less) with the science of the psychiatrist, or mind-doctor. Peale and Blanton have won with God in cases where non-spiritual doctors and psychiatrists and experts have thrown up their hands.

Says this church at the heart of Manhattan: "God is the answer. The answer for what ails all of us. The answer for useless, enervating anxieties ("Anxiety," says Dr. Blanton, "is the great modern plague.") The answer to the two most terrible enemies of abundant living: fear and the inferiority complex. We all have these enemies deep within us, in varying degree. The trouble with us is that we lack the good sense to (pardon the phrase again)—to get down to grass-roots gospel and thinking and prayer, and to go boldly into the Secret Place in which these pestilences vanish like snow in a June sun.

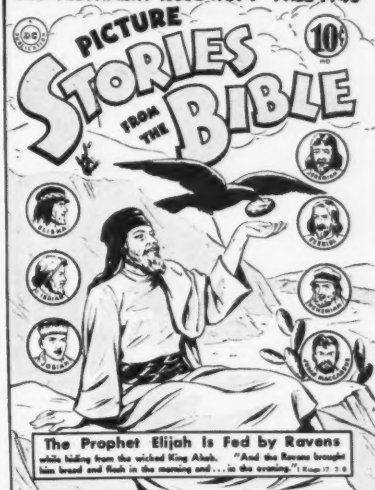
And it may just be that too many churches miss their chance with too many of us in failing to get down to the real root of the business. I like to see my faith hold its head high among the scientists, but I have yet to find the man who has had his life changed by one of those dry-as-dust, pseudo-scientific sermons. I love an altar and a Gothic arch, but unless God be in that temple, the altar and the arch are quite wasted on me. I have read my share of psychology, but neither Freud nor Overstreet nor Dewey have ever lifted me an inch nearer the feet of God.

What makes a Church go? God! What lifts a man in Church? God. What will lift the world out of the mess it's in, if anything ever will lift it? God!

Out of the church the crowd poured, out onto Fifth Avenue. Out to walk past the shops and the mansions. Out in the over-dressed parade on the sidewalks of the street that may be the richest in gold, the poorest in spirit, of any street in the world. Out, to look up at the gleaming towers of Empire State and the Chrysler Building, to look at a hundred skyscrapers so high above the golden cock on the steeple of Marble Collegiate—to look at those great towers and to think of them not as the arrogant monuments of trade and commerce and money-changing, but as fingers pointing up to God. It's quite a sensation to look up these days. We need a lot more of it. We need more Marble Collegiates, more Peales, more . . . God.

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OLD TESTAMENT ISSUE NO. 4 FALL 1943



The Prophet Elijah is Fed by Ravens while hiding from the wicked King Ahaz. "And the Ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and . . . in the evening." (1 Kings 17:2-6)

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### Some Brighter Dawn



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## NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



*The Conquest of North Africa*, by Alexander G. Clifford. (Little, Brown, 450 pp., \$3.00.) Here is the brilliant chronicle of the Allied triumph in North Africa from 1940 to 1943, including the beginning, the end, and the almost incredible events in between. I was in North Africa at the beginning of the end and now I am beginning another and even more extended overseas tour as I write my last reviews before "taking off." This volume is the most dynamically written factual account of a complete and extensive war action that has appeared since Hitler entered Poland. However judged and whatever the disagreement with certain particulars, it is a remarkable and important achievement.

*The Divine Human Encounter*, by Emil Brunner. (Westminster, 202 pp., \$2.50.) Although brief, the greatest theologian of our generation here makes his greatest declaration. He shows the havoc brought about by sheer Greek philosophy and tradition—and almost reconciles Calvin and Luther! Certainly a "must" book for the preacher.

*Excuse My Dust*, by Bellamy Partridge. (Whittlesey, 359 pp., \$2.75.) In this last book of a distinguished trilogy of which "The Country Lawyer" and "Big Family" are a part, many famous characters return. But a more gripping and dynamic tale is told. You may not like some things about this volume but whatever your dislikes, it will give you a good time.

*Return to Christianity*, by Nels F. S. Ferré. (Harper, 76 pp., \$1.00.) The fundamentals of Christian faith are not yet applied to present-day problems. One of our younger theologians has made another contribution to twentieth-century literature in his field. He writes now particularly for thoughtful laymen.

*Economic Union and Durable Peace*, by Otto Tod Mallory. (Harper, 183 pp., \$2.00.) I wish the author of this book could sit at the next peace table. He writes to the heart of one of the most vital plans for a new world order. He is both reasonable and realistic. Also he is specific and convincing; particularly he commends himself to this reviewer because he begins with things that are—the Hull Treaties, for instance.

*The Case for Mrs. Surratt*, by Helen Jones Campbell. (Putnam, 272 pp., \$3.00.) Three men and one woman were among those charged with the murder of Abraham Lincoln. For the first time the story of the woman is written by her partisan and whatever you may think about the story you will be convinced that Mrs. Surratt would never have been convicted in a civil court. This book has the dynamic quality of a good mystery novel.

*Tell Me About God*, by Mary Alice Jones. (Rand, McNally, 72 pp., \$2.00.) Altogether lovely! A nationally famous expert in religious education here poses and answers a number of those embarrassing questions little children are forever asking about God. "Who Is God?" "How Does He Care For Me?" They are questions deserving fair and intelligent answers—and they get that sort of answer here. It is a book of quiet, solid faith, from cover to cover. The illustrations are as brilliant as the writing; it is the best \$2.00 worth in its field. F. S. M.

*What It Takes*, (Jacobs Press, 83 pp., 25 cents.) An impressive list of World War II heroes write of their adventures and their faith in this pamphlet; it is compiled by the famous "Sam" Shoemaker and his aides at Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City. The whole is shot through with deep spiritual meaning and faith, and well worth reading. If you would know where God is in this war, read "What It Takes." F. S. M.

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*Journey Into America*, by Donald C. Peattie. (Houghton-Mifflin, 276 pp., \$3.00.) If this book could only somehow replace about 90 percent of the textbooks on American history in our high schools, the oncoming generation would have an appreciation of America and love of American democracy that no other generation has ever had. It is the "sweetest" historical writing of the century; it reminds one of the writing of Elbert Hubbard, but it displays a depth of soul and breadth of vision never enjoyed by the iconoclast of East Aurora. For two blessed hours, lost in these pages, I forgot the war and the woe of the world; at the end of it I wanted to shout from the housetops, "I'm an American!" Few men, in any generation, have so caught the meaning of the American dream, or told it with so brilliant a pen. F. S. M.

*We Have Seen His Star*, by Beatrice Plumb. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 16 pp., 25 cents.) Beatrice Plumb wrote this one for *CHRISTIAN HERALD* of December, 1933; it was so popular that Abingdon has preserved it in a beautiful Christmas pamphlet. Always good, and always dipping her pen in loveliness, this is the loveliest thing Beatrice Plumb has ever written. There is no better Christmas gift at twenty-five cents or twenty-five dollars. F. S. M.

*Some Brighter Dawn*, by Grace Noll Crowell. (Harper, 55 pp., \$1.00.) Another volume of verse from the pen of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*'s poet laureate. As always, it is a poetry packed with peace, courage, faith; it is as hopeful as a rainbow in our clouded modern skies, as lovely as wild roses. Her fans will want it, love it. F. S. M.

*The Water Buffalo Children*, by Pearl S. Buck. (John Day, \$1.50.) This distinguished author has written another delightful book for children—it is one of those perfect stories. Whether or not the children came on the great Water Buffalo when the polished stone was rubbed like Aladdin's lamp, they come nevertheless, bringing a gorgeous experience for all children.

*Our Young Folks*, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. (Harcourt, Brace, 329 pp., \$2.75.) Don't read this one if you want pap and platitudes. It is straight-from-the-shoulder, factual, well-informed material written by one with an intimate interest in the problems of young people. Mrs. Fisher punctures some old balloons, points some new directions, and is quite optimistic about Youth. A book for tomorrow. F. S. M.

*Preview of History*, by Raymond Gram Swing. (Doubleday, Doran, 282 pp., \$2.) A compilation of the pre-war and war broadcasts of one of our most accurate news commentators. Reading a prognosticator after the event has happened is an acid test; Swing passes the test with flying colors. A good way to read history! F. S. M.

*Naturalist At Large*, by Thomas Barbour. (Little, Brown, 314 pp., \$3.50.) The author writes with an hilarious good nature and understanding; he loves every creeping, crawling, swimming, growing

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thing and creature, including poisonous snakes. Not a bedside book; you'll finish it at one sitting, once you start it. F. S. M.

*This Was Lidice*, by Gustav Holm. (Putnam, 235 pp., \$2.75.) A burning story of the city whose destruction achieved its immortality. Lidice has been recreated in fiction and lives again to its last man, woman and child. Though there is fine restraint in the use of language, the story becomes an appalling indictment of the blood lust of perverted men.

*Wide Fields: The Story of Henri Fabre*, by Irmengarde Eberle. (Crowell, 193 pp., \$2.50.) This book is written so that children may understand the life of one of the world's greatest naturalists, but oldsters will read it and come to love him. There is enchantment here, a wistfulness in the picture of Fabre that will send nature-lovers to other books, to find out more. That's the greatest proof that a book is really good. F. S. M.

*What To Do With Italy*, by Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 301 pp., \$3.50.) Two anti-Fascist exiles write in the heat of their anger; they hold that what the Allies want in Italy is a Fascism without Mussolini. They take some pretty vicious jabs at the Vatican, but if what they say is true, the Vatican deserves it. Their work is scholarly, factual, fiery. We may disagree with some of their conclusions, but we will all recognize their book as a tremendous contribution to the solving of the Italian problem. F. S. M.

*The Second Christmas*, by John Haynes Holmes. (Macmillan, 65 pp., \$1.25.) The Christmas story retold by a modern liberal. It is well written, with some new angles that add little to the old. F. S. M.

*Along Comes Judy Jo*, by Mabel Betsy Hill. (Lippincott, 124 pp., \$1.50.) A multitude of friends who already love Judy Jo will shout for joy at this book. The author is certainly the nearest approach to Louisa Alcott that I know.

*Pegs of History*, by Rafaello Busoni and Helen Dean Fish. (Lippincott, 46 pp., \$2.00.) The purpose of this book, beautifully written, handsomely illustrated and decorated, is to fix important dates of world history in childhood memory. Beginning with the Christian era and ending with the twentieth century, the great and epic periods are covered fully.

*American Empire in Asia?* by Albert Viton. (John Day, 308 pp., \$3.00.) It is affirmed that this volume "sets forth a standard of realism to which the wise and honest can repair." Certainly if imperialism is to die and with it the promise of another world war, then American isolationism must die too. If we would have a world of peace in which to live, then we must play manfully a sacrificial part in the world today.

*War's End and After*, by Stuart Chevalier. (Macmillan, 325 pp., \$2.75.) A worth-while contribution to general thought and discussion for the postwar world.

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## Altogether lovely! TELL ME ABOUT GOD

By Mary Alice Jones

Director of Children's Work for the International Council of Religious Education

Illustrated by Pelagie Doane

"A NATIONALLY-FAMOUS expert in religious education here poses and answers a number of those embarrassing questions little children are forever asking about God... questions deserving fair and intelligent answers — and they get that sort of answer here. Illustrations are as brilliant as the writing." — *Christian Herald*. \$2.00

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## JUSTICE FOR A NOBLE ALLY

(Continued from page 17)

would be only a few hundred annually. Our government would probably wish to deal with each country and situation on its merits—but in any case the numbers involved are too small to have serious social or economic significance.

Thus far, however, we have dealt with only the negative aspects of a question which imperatively demands a positive and constructive approach. It is of primary importance that the American people recognize that China will inevitably be one of the great nations in the world tomorrow, and that the friendship and cooperation of the Chinese people constitutes one of our most valuable potential resources.

Among the most dangerous delusions that have haunted the minds of men since the dawn of history is the deep-seated conceit which classifies some races and social groups as "superior" and others as "inferior," always with the classifier at the head of the "superiors." Every age has had its own particular brand of self-styled supermen, who have eventually turned out to be quite ordinary mortals.

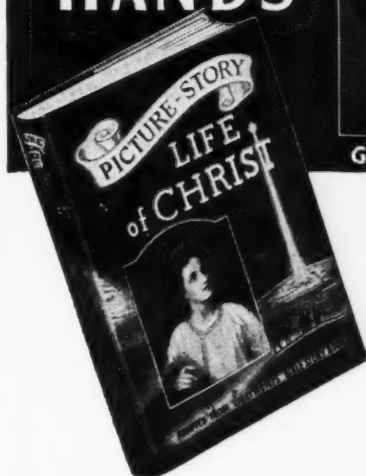
Japan, recognizing what friendly relationships between China and America will mean both during and after the war, is constantly flooding China with propaganda insisting that America considers the Chinese an inferior people. "If the Americans don't consider you contemptible inferiors," the Japanese propagandists ask, "why won't they grant you Chinese the same privileges of immigration and naturalization they give to every other part of the world except Asia?" No one has attempted to answer that challenge. It cannot be answered so long as the Chinese Exclusion Act remains on our statute books. What has long been an exceedingly tender point has now become an open sore that is spreading its infection through the whole system of friendly Sino-American relations.

The issues at stake are of special significance to the Christians of America. For more than a century the Chinese people, first under the leadership and then with the cooperation of our missionaries, have made remarkable strides toward becoming a truly Christian nation. We have begun to look forward to a time, not many years hence, when Christian leaders from the West and from the East can unite in working for the solution of all the urgent problems now afflicting the nations—war, poverty, needless suffering, social and economic injustice. Yet it will never be possible to build any sound structure of cooperation on a foundation of racial prejudice and discrimination.

In every intensive struggle to advance—whether on the battlefield or in the relationships between men and nations—final victory or defeat always depends upon what happens at a few focal points. These points may sometimes seem unimportant in themselves, yet somehow they dominate the entire field. If they can be gained, the whole line can advance to its objective.

Through an intricate combination of circumstances, this problem of our indefensible discrimination against our Chinese friends and allies in matters of immigration and naturalization has become such a focal point. We must see that it is solved—now.

# THEIR FUTURE IS IN YOUR HANDS



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## I LEARNED ABOUT SOLDIERS FROM THEM

(Continued from page 19)

expert. When he took that old man in his arms, it was the most glorious reunion I've ever seen—and I see them every day. The minute the father stood beside the boy, his sickness left him and he was suddenly as happy as a little boy in a jam closet."

I climbed onto a sleeper in Cleveland. I found myself one of only three civilians in the Pullman; the rest were soldiers from the Deep South, bound (though they didn't know it then) for the South Seas. It was a matter of minutes before I discovered that not one of those boys had ever been in a Pullman car. It was fun to watch them investigate that car. They made no apologies; this was a great experience for them, and they were enjoying it. One huge six-footer yawned and stretched and said he guessed he'd turn in. The porter came running with the ladder, to help him into his upper berth. The boy looked at him in amazement.

"What's that thing fer?" he asked.

"To climb up with, Suh," said the porter.

"Take it away," roared the youngster. "Take it away. I've climbed too many mules to need a thing like that." He put one hand on the upper, and vaulted easily into it, while the other passengers roared their approval.

Later I was in the washroom. At my side was a traveling salesman. He had been riding Pullmans most of his life; he was a cynical, blasé New Yorker. He had seen almost everything and everybody in his endless traveling. In came a soldier; he stood bewildered, hunting for something. Finally he said, "Where do they hide the soap?" I pointed to the soap plunger and said, "Press that, Son." He pressed it and out came the soap. He pressed it again, again, again. He smiled at us: "What d'ye know? It works." He had the time of his life with that soap.

When he went out, the salesman turned to me and sneered, "Pretty darned dumb, ain't they?" For a moment I wanted to forget I was a minister; I counted ten and prayed for patience and hoped I wouldn't annihilate him, leaving no traces. My prayer was answered; when I had cooled down I said to him, "Yes. Pretty dumb. Dumb just like Sergeant York was dumb; he hadn't ever been in a Pullman, either, before he fought in World War I. As a matter of fact, he'd never even had a pair of real shoes on his feet. He'd never seen a ship. But he made out pretty well, didn't he? When he came back a national hero, the Mayor of New York asked him what he'd most like to do in Manhattan, and he said, 'I'd like to go down in the subway. Never saw a subway in my life.' I went on, getting madder by the minute. The salesman gathered up his things and bowed himself out with a mumbled 'Sorry, Pal. My mistake.' I wonder what he is doing to help win the war?"

There's one more soldier I want to tell you about. He was an old Marine sergeant; it was the night before Christmas. The sergeant had been drinking; he sat down beside me and shook hands in a maudlin sort of a way and said to me (I don't know why): "You think I'm a bad

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# ROUND THE WORLD

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boy, don't you? You think I've been drinking, don't you? Well, I have. Sorry if you don't like it. You'd be drinking too, if you'd been where I've been."

"Where have you been?"

"I was on the Yorktown. Been in the hospital ever since the Japs got her." I smiled; frankly, I thought he was lying. Indignant at the smile, he pulled out a handful of papers and handed them to me. Sure enough, he had been on the Yorktown when she went down; he was all he claimed to be.

"You're O.K.," I said. "All but this drinking. Where are you going?"

"Home—to spend Christmas with my wife and two kids."

"And you're getting home—drunk! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! The kids think you're a hero, don't they? They've been bragging about you to every other kid in the neighborhood. Wait 'till they see you stagger off the train! I'm ashamed of you."

He blinked. Then he said, slowly, "You're right, Admiral. I'm ashamed, too. Here, take this bottle and throw it away. I never did like the stuff, anyhow."

A few minutes later he found me again. "Look, Admiral," he pleaded. "Look. Let me have just one more little nip, will you? It'd sort of put me on my feet."

"Nothing doing. You gave it to me and a gift is a gift, and I keep it! (It had already gone down the drain.) You'll get off this train sober, if I have to stay up all night with you."

"Hard guy, eh?"

"In a case like this, yes. You're a Marine—and you'll be a Marine when you get off the train." That touched his pride, as I knew it would. He straightened his shoulders. "Right you are, Admiral. Right you are."

An hour later twilight was almost upon us. He came back then. He had been "walking himself sober," walking up and down the long train, up and down. He sat down beside me, and we looked silently out of the window. The New England fields were covered with snow. Lights were flashing on in the little farmhouses along the way. Smoke was curling up from the chimneys; people were coming in from the fields and the barns.

He spoke: "There it is. That's what we're fighting for. Clean and nice, isn't it? Out in the Pacific we smell the smoke from those little chimneys. We close our eyes and see those little lights coming on in the dusk. We love it. I love it. I love it because it's big and wide and clean, like we want the whole world to be. We do fool things, sometimes, like getting drunk when it gets too much for us—the wounds and the killing and the mud and the rain and all of it. But down deep we all want to be like—like those fields and those little house and the people who live in 'em. You can bet on that, and you can bet on us. Gee, I'll be glad to see my wife and kids. I'm ready for 'em, now."

I didn't even try to answer him. I just reached out and took his hand and squeezed it. He winced a bit and pulled his hand away and I looked at it—there was an ugly red scar running from fingertips to wrist.

He said, "Shrapnel."

And I learned about soldiers from him!

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### THE DEATH OF ICARUS

(Continued from page 35)

an instant above the water, as he disappears forever.

Then we have a little talk about the fable of Daedalus and Icarus—about fables in general; about the way in which, somehow, those which century after century remain part of our human heritage are always those with a deep inner meaning. To children when they first come across them, they seem just fanciful tales. But those which have been preserved in the memory of mankind are more. They are profound reflections on the meaning of life. When a child looking at some brightly illustrated "Book of Fables" in a juvenile edition comes upon the story illustrated by this picture of Breughel, all that he reads is that Daedalus was a wonderfully clever and famous Greek architect who invented the axe, the awl and the bevel. He was employed by the King of Crete to construct the great labyrinth where the Minotaur was kept, and then the King shut him and his young son Icarus up inside the labyrinth, because they were the only people who knew their way around there, and the King wanted to be sure they never told anyone else.

But Daedalus thought of a way to get out. He didn't try to escape through the massive gates of the labyrinth. He himself had designed them and he knew nobody could force them. He put his brains to work, and invented wings on which he and his son simply flew up into the air, right over the great walls of his prison, and so over the sea to safety. That is, Daedalus got away safely to the mainland and lived many years after that, making all sorts of wonderful things. But Icarus, who was just a boy, was so excited about being able to fly that he wanted to show off, wanted to show the world how high he could fly, and flew up, up, up,—so close to the sun that the heat melted the wax which fastened the wings to his shoulders, and he fell down, down, down, and was drowned in the sea.

Pondering on the immortality of those great old symbolic tales you are not surprised that poets and painters for untold centuries have brought them to life in countless versions. Ovid, the great Latin poet, who was born two thousand years ago, re-told this story of Daedalus and Icarus—very, very old even then—in one of his most beautiful works. The poem became so great a favorite that fifteen hundred years later, Breughel, the painter from the Low Countries must have read it and pondered it well.

We know, from the similarity of the details that Breughel knew the famous poem. But we see that his seer's eyes penetrated far more deeply into human realities than did the Latin poet. He showed those workmen earning their living, as he had seen such men all around him all his life, as we see them all around us, as we ourselves are—so absorbed in the plodding routine of material existence that they did not raise their heads from their work to note the tragic failure of a fellow man who tried to transcend the limitations of mankind. No, they did not recognize, did not even see the mighty effort of which men and women are capable at their most inspired, to raise themselves above the humdrum and literal, to

fly up over the prison walls of materialism.

We know surely, although we are separated by four centuries from the great painter, that this was the intention of this change from Ovid's conception of the scene. For Breughel pictured the carrying of the Cross by our Lord with the same ironic, wordless, melancholy comment on human shortsightedness. It is a vast canvas, an open, wide landscape, with the hill of Golgotha at the right, and fields and roads all about. A great crowd of people fill this spaciousness, men and women, soldiers on horseback, children, people with picnic baskets—a big holiday crowd, out to see the exciting spectacle of a public execution, hurrying to get good places from which they will have a clear view of what goes on. "But where," you ask yourself, in anxiety, your heart heavy, "where is He who carries the Cross?" and then you see Him, lost in the multitude, struggling along, fainting and falling beneath His hideous burden. Nobody looks at Him. Nobody is conscious of the overwhelming horror of the tragedy they are seeing. He is forgotten. His death is nothing to these ordinary people, intent on the smallest, least vital, least worthy among all their little personal concerns.

Yes, there can be no doubt that Breughel fully intended all the irony in "The Death of Icarus." And as his grave, sad irony sinks into your heart what you get from the picture deepens, as though it were now a rich chord of many notes.

With this understanding of the meaning of the composition, you not only see spiritually more deeply into the conception under all that visual beauty of line and color, you physically and actually see more significance embodied in the line and color. With the clue to his design in your mind, you see how the lines in the picture all lead away from the drowning man, how everything in the human world turns its back on his tragedy. The ship's sail with its great billowing curve, so beautiful in itself, you see now that it is there to make us feel the vessel's swift forward movement straight to the harbor, leaving the dying man unnoticed behind it. The plowman turns his back squarely on the tragedy taking place, the out-flung curve of his furrows repeating that forward movement of the sails—away, straight away from awareness of a great tragedy taking place close to him. The shepherd has his back turned too, leaning idly on his staff, gazing up into the sky in the true, idle, unhurried contemplative leisure of the shepherd. Most marked of all is the fisherman, leaning out almost above the drowning man, but too intent on his work to notice the failure of a great idea taking place there before his very eyes.

It seems unutterably sad, doesn't it? And as true as it is sad. So our experience of human life teaches us. Yes, even so does mankind ignore and neglect and abandon those who dare to rise above the narrow limits of the everyday. From the beautiful picture, painted four centuries ago, there breathes out a profound melancholy, which seems like despair.

But no, there is a deeper symbolism yet. The chord grows grander. Lying beneath the melancholy there is a brightness, an immortal brightness, a hope. What hu-

(Continued on page 64)



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**THE DEATH OF ICARUS**

(Continued from page 62)

manity has always done about high aspirations is there in the picture of the death of Icarus. Ask yourself—who of all those people has been remembered for thousands of years? Not the farmer, so sensibly and reasonably fixing his attention on getting his food. His name is now as forgotten as any one of those clods of earth his plow is turning over. Not the shepherd. Not the fisherman. Not the splendid ship rushing forward in its lordly progress to its goal. No, men have remembered for all these thousands of years Daedalus and Icarus. Icarus's fall was to death, not to oblivion. He who seemed lost in the great thoughtless laughing throng of holiday-makers, He who, bowed beneath the dreadful burden which was to give Him such a dreadful death, He it was out of all the world whom our poor human race picked out to remember, to serve, to adore.

We see that the ideal is not lost forever because it is at first roughly treated, ill-understood, unhonored by men. Nor are we to despair of ourselves and our fellow men because of our prosaic blindness to the ideal. The ideal is what in the end lives on. The dull, literal everyday human heart seems hopeless material out of which to create spiritual greatness. But somewhere in it is a golden string which forever sings under the touch of great aspirations.

All this from a picture! All this great, living cluster of emotion, thought, hope, sadness and glory, painted on canvas, held within the four sides of a frame. The shortage of gasoline, the new hair-do, the leak in the kitchen plumbing—somehow we do not go back to talking about them.

**SERMON**

(Continued from page 33)

requires prayerful care to curb a sinner without crushing the seeds of goodness in him. It takes more than tact to remove the stains of a ruined reputation and give back the sense of self-respect. When our friend is caught in a wrong, we need the grace of God to lift him from the remorse which humiliates to the repentance which humbles. And what grace it takes to forgive one who has wronged us, so that we not only forget the fault but restore the old relationship!

In this year of all years we must live close enough to our fellow men and our sister nations to know their needs and live close enough to God to learn how to help them. The more I study the war policies of governments, the more convinced I am that the openings to peace will be found through the channels of God's Church. The solidarity of the Church of God shows signs of holding across the boundaries of warring nations. The leaders of the Church are giving their best thought to building a world brotherhood after the war. If men would only give as much thought and skill to developing the strategy of helping people as of conquering people, we could make an end to wars. And some day, with God's help, men will do just that.

*"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."*

**CHRISTIAN HERALD NOV. 1943 • PAGE 64**

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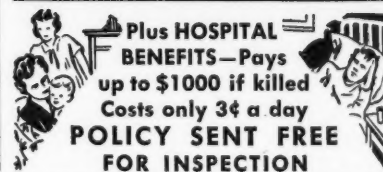
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## CIVILIAN MORALE

(Continued from page 24)

always proves to be a great stimulant to faith. The German Church has been slowly waking up over a period of ten years, whereas the British Church has only been at it for three. Under the leadership of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, a spiritual shaking-up is occurring, the results of which are already being felt. But there is enough conscious and unconscious snobbery and self-righteousness left in most Christian enterprises (just as there is over here) to prolong indefinitely the alienation of the unchurched working classes. They feel that they have no reason to regard the Church as the citadel of their spiritual freedom.

Up until now the new religious movements, such as "Sword of the Spirit" (Catholic), "Religion in Life," "Christian Commandos" (Protestant), etc., have struck sparks but no fire. Ardent work, however, is being done in the busy industrial areas, where chaplains have often been appointed at common request to do pastoral work in factories. The government sees the need of rebuilding faith among youth, and so it has underwritten the budget of the youth program of the churches! A new plan for universal religious education is being worked out for the schools.

All this presents a much brighter picture than the one which is to be seen in a religiously dimmed-out Germany and occupied Europe where every effort of the Nazi government has been directed toward undermining the Church. We are now familiar with reports both from the German home-front and from captured soldiers, indicating that the youngsters of the Reich are not 100 percent Nazi.

It is a sign of the times that faith in ideologies, whether democratic or totalitarian, is not able to bear the full brunt of total war. People who have been blitzed as the British have, and people who have seen their armies melt away in the desolate reaches of Russia as the Germans have, want something more substantial than philosophical slogans and political pep-talks. Food and clothing and fuel are recognized for what they are, namely, material values. Justice, charity, perseverance, and the Four Freedoms are also recognized for what they are, namely, moral values. Beyond that there are values which are slowly emerging from under the shadows of suffering and death, namely, spiritual values.

This war is not like the last one. In 1914 a group of theology professors in German universities concocted an indictment which bitterly charged the Anglican Church with being responsible for the war. Anglican bishops retaliated in a scathing statement which laid the war guilt on German education.

There have been no ecclesiastical re-primations this time. Neither in Germany nor in Britain has there been any concerted attempt to "hitch God's cause to the national war effort." As a matter of fact, the churches of Europe are even now in constant contact with the churches of Britain and America. At the end of the war there will be no need for a long period of reconciliation; there will be a World Church Council!

(Continued on next page)

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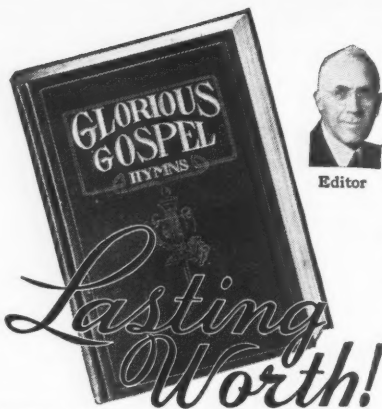
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Both the British and the Germans know that making peace will be no easy matter. Christians know that it won't be attained by sentimentality. The Germans are now fighting to prevent a hard peace from being imposed upon them. The latest product of the Berliner's dry wit illustrates this: "Enjoy the war; the peace will be frightful!" In other words, he is afraid that, if Lord Van Sittart has his way, the German will go from Hitler's frying pan into the fire. The British, on the other hand, are beginning to be visibly worried by the prospect of holding the United Nations together. There seems to be no glue as strong as mutual war interest.

It appears that there might be a glue even stronger than the common war effort, namely the common peace effort of all Christian agencies. But that depends on the ability of all branches of Christendom to weld themselves into an organization which would be the strongest postwar international minority. That is the goal to which men like Pastor Niemoeller of Germany, Bishop Berggrav of Norway, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and dozens of other Christian leaders around the world, including Kagawa of Japan, are dedicated.

### IF STARS WERE LOAVES

(Continued from page 37)

when Stephen helped Katherine up the steps of the Nurses' Home, holding her arm and guiding her firmly through the thick snow which had started falling some hours before.

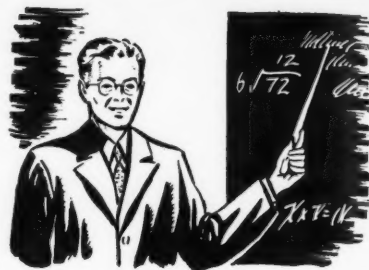
DELMAIN was snowbound Christmas Eve, and Stephen did not fly to Baltimore. He showed up as usual for a look at the Carsons' presents, and brought over his gifts to them. Katherine's was a white woolen scarf with a luxurious fringe and her initials in black. She gave him a tailored crepe one, and they found humor in the fact they had both selected scarfs.

Douglas went home for the holidays by train to the little town up near the Iowa line, of which they had heard so much. Miss Smythe was visiting a sister in California for a month, and the two brothers were spending a week in Chicago. The Carson house was blissfully the Carsons' stronghold and castle for a few days and Katherine was grateful.

She, Hank and Dianthe buckled on their ice skates in the afternoon and tested the ice on the pond back of the house. They heard a shrill whistle presently and Stephen joined them. He asked accusingly, "Trying to steal a march on me? I'll race you, Hank!"

Henry outsped him, as they glided over the crystal surface and the girls applauded as they began cutting figures on the ice. Katherine had learned to skate years ago, and although she had not had much practice in the past two years, she soon regained her skill. Breathlessly she joined hands with Stephen to circle the pond in rhythmic strokes. She was wearing a big white sweater of Hank's with its blue "D" denoting his athletic prowess, a short black skirt and white skating shoes. Her hair, whipped loose by the wind, lay in entrancing waves upon her shoulders and her blue eyes were brilliant in contrast

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with the creaminess of her skin and flushed cheeks.

Stephen studied her as they stopped and leaned against the ladder of the old diving board. "You, Kit Carson, are a picture."

It was the first time that he had ever said anything about her beauty, and Katherine was taken aback. She could not resist the teasing question, "Brotherly admiration?"

Stephen's eyebrows shot up, then he shook his head slowly. "No," he admitted. "Just plain admiration!"

"I'll beat you to the old boat!" she cried over her shoulder, and away she flew. He was after her in a flash, and together they sped across the pond. She saw the bump in the ice just in time and dodged it adroitly.

She spun crazily for a dizzy moment and then felt Stephen's hard arms catch her and save her from a fall. He held her for only an instant, but Katherine's pounding heart told her that here was strength and security, here was the happiness of heaven.

"All right?" he asked releasing her, steadying her with his hand on her arm.

She nodded. Her voice had a catch in it as she added, "I'm not used to cutting antics on ice. It's getting colder, shall we go to the house?"

STEPHEN's trip was only postponed. He went to Baltimore for New Year's Day, and Katherine stayed in at the hospital, working all of the day, and glad for something to keep her mind busy. It was so hard to forget a lanky Stephen cutting figure eights on the old pond back of Orchard Acres.

She did not see him again for weeks, excepting in the lunchroom or in his official capacity as Dr. Chandler. He was thinner, she realized one day as she met him face to face in the hall, and he did not look as though he were getting enough sleep or exercise.

February was a bad month. Several small children had pneumonia, and the influenza germ which struck at the older people seemed almost as bad as that of the first World War. There was a great deal of illness, and the wards and rooms were crowded. The nurses and staff doctors were overworked. Katherine's schedule was changed without warning, and she took on night duty for a six month's period. It was difficult to change her sleeping habits, and she lost weight and her appetite was dull.

"Consarn it, Kate! You'd better take care of yourself," Grand warned her each time she came home. "Pesky old flu bug'll get you, if you don't watch out." Grand had been caught by it early in March, and had a difficult time regaining his strength. Katherine worried about it, but Stephen told her that he was much stronger than he looked.

One day Peggy Riley came in breathlessly and asked her if she would be her bridesmaid the following Sunday.

"Bill?" Katherine asked quickly.

"Of course, Kitty!" She pulled off her glove and displayed a small diamond glittering on her finger. "Mrs. Bill Gregory, doesn't that sound exquisite?" She kissed Katherine, whirling her about in her joy.

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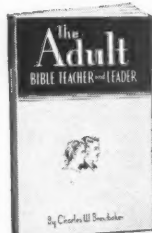
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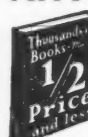


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Katherine laughed. "She told me I must be blind." She gave Peggy a quick squeeze. "Oh, Peggy, I am so happy for you! But really, I don't see how you ever carried on a romance to this wonderful ending, under the watchful eye of our Board."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Peggy disrespectfully. "Romance will out," she misquoted. "I'd think they'd rather have my doctor a staid and comfortable married man than an eligible bachelor!" She turned her finger this way and that under the light watching the flash of fire from her ring.

"I suppose you know that Dr. Steve will be Bill's best man. A church wedding, Kitty, in my home town—isn't it wonderful? I'll have to work like everything to get my clothes ready; Bill says he doesn't believe in long engagements—mine will last exactly five days!" Katherine only half listened to the happy chatter. "We'll live in that little white Colonial house down by Lincoln Park, the one with the green shutters and flower boxes—Oh, Kitty, you're not even listening!"

"Yes, I am, Peggy, and I'm so glad for you. What shall I wear?"

The week passed almost too quickly. The four of them, Bill and Peggy in the back seat and Stephen and she in the front of Stephen's car drove to Centralia for the wedding, on Saturday afternoon. Dogwood and redbud were vying with one another in pink and white profusion on the hillsides; recent rains had produced little rivulets along the road, and the trees were bursting with new foliage; robins and an occasional flash of a blue jay spelled Spring.

The Riley home was unpretentious, but comfortable, and the maid took them to the guest rooms upstairs. Other wedding guests and relatives were already assembled. They went to the church presently to have a rehearsal, and Katherine wore her bridesmaid's gown of sapphire blue.

"You look really lovely," said Stephen as they stood waiting for the music to begin.

Katherine dared not turn her head lest he see the quick tears start to her eyes. She had just begun to realize that Peggy would be Bill's wife in another day, and that their old-time companionship was soon to be over. "Thank you, Stephen," she murmured as the first notes came from the organ.

Peggy had resigned and Bill had a week's vacation. They left for a Southern honeymoon right after the wedding. Stephen and Katherine drove back to Delmain early in the afternoon.

They were silent the first few miles. Then they discussed cases at the hospital, and Katherine told Stephen that she was going to ask for a leave of absence.

"I want to go to Minneapolis and study Sister Kenny's treatment of polio patients."

Stephen whistled in amazement. "You are ambitious, young lady. Let me take a better look at you." He kept one eye on the road, however. "You know something, Kit, you have a one-track mind,

**CHRISTIAN HERALD NOV. 1943 • PAGE 68**



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"Then it would be a sacrifice to go?"

"You know that my salary goes largely to my home, don't you, Stephen? But Hank is not going to try to go to school this year. He is going to work at the airport."

Stephen stared at the road. He wished there was something he could do to help the Carsons. Young Hank ought to finish his college education. Katherine was saying, "I wanted Hank to go on, but he argued me out of it. Stephen, you don't agree with him, do you, that he will be in the army by this time next year?"

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Stephen looked grimly down at the wheel. "It's hard to predict anything, Katherine. But I wish that Hank would keep going to school. I feel certain that your leave will be with pay, Kit, and that the Board will pay your expenses while you study in Minneapolis." This was one way that he could help Katherine, and perhaps if he could just talk with Hank...

"It would be a distinct advantage for Chandler Hospital to have you learn Sister Kenny's treatment, Kit. I'll talk with Father tonight."

It was arranged that Katherine should leave early in June for Minneapolis, and that Peggy would stay on at the hospital for six months longer. Katherine was excited over the prospects of going. There was only one thing that she would not bear the thought of being away from Stephen for six months.

But, she told herself, Stephen is going to marry Rosalind Winthrop in the fall. I shall have to remember that. This long absence is to make me forget how much I care, for when I return I must be able to work beside him without feeling anything.

(To be continued)

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## I AM A PARSON'S WIFE

(Continued from page 21)

I am absent-minded, she becomes noisy and demanding because she feels insecure. When I become careless about my table manners, she becomes careless about hers. When I am impatient, she is stubborn. I have tried nagging and lecturing, and it doesn't work. I have found that the only remedy is to polish up the mirror of my own life, so that I can reflect to my child something worth imitating.

If I neglect morning prayers with my husband and child, because I am too tired or too rushed, the heart goes out of the day, as well as out of the home. We meet in our bedroom before breakfast; Sally is not forced to come, but she comes quite naturally. Sometimes she reads a verse from the Bible, other times Mother or Dad reads, sometimes we pray for special people and over special problems, sometimes we say the Lord's Prayer together.

I shall never forget our little girl's first real prayer. It established a love for Christ which from that day to this has never wavered. She was only three, and we were kneeling together by her bed. I had explained to her that Jesus would put His thoughts in her mind if she were very quiet. In a few minutes up popped her little curly head, eyes shining. "Mummy, Jesus said 'Sally,' He knewed my name." Since then, we have been able to take every difficulty and every fear and every heartache to Him in perfect faith that He would show a way out because "He knewed her name."

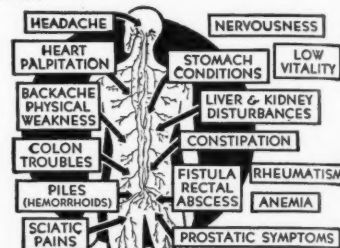
Too many parsons' wives think of the church as our husband's profession and therefore not any of our business. In one sense that is right; woe to the wife who tries to manage her husband or his profession. In another sense it is quite wrong, as one of our jobs is to build a spiritual family and create spiritual life in partnership with our husbands. Women at their best have special gifts for creating a family atmosphere, for building bridges over conflicting points of view and conflicting personalities. Therefore, we have a real contribution to make to the spirit of family fellowship in a parish. Christ was like an older brother to His disciples. He was more concerned with what they were than with what they did. A parson and his wife should be like an older brother and sister to the members of their parish family. If we create a natural, spontaneous family atmosphere with the members of our staffs, it will filter right through the parish.

With this kind of fellowship at its heart, parish work becomes a joy. The average parish family is a cross-section of society. In it are represented youth and age, riches and poverty, the married and the unmarried, employer and employee. The church should meet the needs and the heart-hungers of all these types and build bridges of understanding between them. Christ's great command to us is, "Understand human nature, love it, change it." There are undreamed-of talents and capacities in every human being. There are also undreamed-of sins and weaknesses which prevent those talents and capacities from coming to their full flower. It is my husband's and my job to help our people to face and overcome their sins and weaknesses, and to develop their talents and capacities. Because of their

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affiliation with our church, we try to help them to become better Christian citizens, better mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, employers and employees. We want them to be a spiritual rallying point in any group in which they find themselves. We try to help each of our people find God's plan for him or her; and not only to find it, but to follow it.

Every parish has necessary and important organizations. It happened to have been right for me to be the president of our women's organization for several years. A lot of fun is made of worthy women and their worthy causes, but the American public needs to remember that the hospitals, schools and missions all over the world were in many instances started by "worthy women" as a "worthy cause." Wendell Willkie tells us these are the first reasons for the reservoir of good will which the United States holds in the world. I am told that the Chinese character for the word "discord" is the picture of two women under one roof. If the Chinese maker of characters had called on us he would have made a different illustration. I love women. Women are never difficult if they feel understood and needed. We have discovered that there is the right job for every woman and the right woman for every job. I believe in organization and organizations. It is only when we put organizations before fellowship that things go wrong. Then people become lonely and competitive, rather than cooperative.

Our church, one of thousands all over the world which are the guardians of Christ's faith and the vanguard of His teachings, is a little old brownstone building set on the corner of a busy city street with towering offices on one side and a quaint old residential section on the other. It stands at a junction of the home and the market place. Inside, it is cool and dark, with slender pillars and a high vaulted ceiling leading the eye up to a marble altar in the central panel of which is a beautiful, life-size figure of the Christ.

How often I have knelt before that Christ with a heartache or a problem or a difficult decision to be made. How often I have come there with my questions, and gone out with His answers! How often I have knelt there in prayer with some unhappy man or woman, and known with a thrill of joy the truth of that great phrase, "Prayer changes things." How often I have worshiped there with our parish family and rejoiced in the realization that "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst." How richly I have felt His presence in the Holy Communion and there at the altar-rail exchanged my weakness for His strength, my fears for His courage, my doubts for His faith. I have loved the remainder of His birth in the childlike wonder of the Christmas services. There I have experienced the overwhelming mystery of Good Friday, the glorious triumph of Easter, the promise of power of Pentecost.

Can you understand now why I would not change places with all the laymen's wives in captivity? I love all the fun and all the opportunity and all the challenge—yes, and all the trials—of being a parson's wife.



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Do you lack pep or vigor?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you get irritable easily?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

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# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## "God Guides My Pen"

Dear Editor:

The article, "God Guides My Pen" is worth the price of a year's subscription.  
Youngstown, Ohio Mrs. J. G. Cooper

Dear Editor:

I want to congratulate you on running "God Guides My Pen." Congratulate Vaughn Shoemaker for me on his thought about God. His article moved me deeply . . . he has a wonderful talent and he isn't hiding it. . .  
Camp Butner, N. C. Pvt. Jacob Williams

Dear Editor:

I loved Vaughn Shoemaker's story, and also Dr. Stidger's (September HERALD). I hope you'll do a lot about Dr. Sheldon's campaign. But what moves me to write is the item in the News Digest, "Error." My father was a newspaperman, so I can enjoy this tempest in a teapot. . .  
Renton, Wash. Mable Engle

• We seem to have struck home with the Shoemaker, Stidger and Sheldon articles, in September; they are the three most popular articles of the year. Letters like these tell us what the readers really want! Incidentally, there was not one adverse criticism on any of these articles.

## Humanism

Dear Editor:

Your review of (my book) "Humanizing Biblical Religion" (September) states that it discusses much that most of your readers forgot before they were out of high school . . . Do you believe that Jesus made mistakes? Do you believe there is a God and a Devil? Do you believe (etc., etc., ad infinitum) . . .

In case you do, here is copy for an advertisement:

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• Mr. Floyd is the author of the book mentioned; we are rather startled at his letter, and especially at his request for advertising space. Sorry, such space is *not* available for such an ad. First, because we do not believe it would accomplish anything whatever in explaining to the good folk of CHRISTIAN HERALD why they do or do not believe in the Bible; they *know*, Mr. Floyd; they have learned all that, not from books at \$2.00 each, but in the school of experience. And second, because CHRISTIAN HERALD for more than half a century has been constructive, not destructive.

## Tall Question

Dear Editor:

To the youth of the nation I'd like to ask two questions: (1) Why does God permit war, and (2) Who or what is to blame for the evil of the world? I already have several answers, and I wonder if you could help me get in touch with youth of all types?

Waterville, N. Y. Beverly Eastman

• Only youth would put those two questions. Ordinarily, this belongs in Dr. Poling's question-and-answer department, but Miss Eastman asks *youth* to answer. Go ahead, youth. It's your war—and your world.

## Country Preacher

Dear Editor:

Your HERALD now is a disappointment without "The Country Preacher." We hope he's in the next issue.  
St. John, Kansas Mrs. R. W. Goodman

• We're as sorry as Mrs. Goodman to lose The Country Preacher; this is part of the unfortunate "turn-over" of journalism.

## Interested!

• We received today a clipping from a periodical in New York, reading: "I went to church last Sunday, which gave me another opportunity to turn the 'Spider and the Fly' problem over in my mind. . . The correct answer is 40 feet, as per the enclosed sketch. . ."

The curse of the wandering mind! Or is it the curse of the uninteresting sermon?

## Need

Dear Editor:

We have a few thousand German prisoners in our camp (Prisoner of War Camp, Opelika, Alabama). They have very little reading material. The American Bible Society has supplied us with Bibles and Testaments in the German language. But our real need now is books, religious and secular books, in their own tongue.

Would a word to your readers inspire them to help us?

Prisoner of War Camp, Opelika, Ala.  
Chaplain Wm. R. Schillinger

• Here is a need and your chance to get in a word for Jesus Christ *before* the armistice!

CHRISTIAN HERALD NOV. 1943 • PAGE 72

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